

THE CAMBRIDGE JOURNAL

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VOL. IV No. 11

AUGUST 1951

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THREEPENCE

MISTRAL

ROB LYLE

1

WHEN Frédéric Mistral was born, on September 8th, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, 1830, the great Romantics were waging their first successful battles; and when he died, on March 25th, 1914, the Cubists and Futurists were fighting theirs. It was a period of unrest, of revolution, of experiment; of stormy, violent lives, and tormented confessions. But Mistral went his own way, unaffected by these currents and cross-currents, by fashions and upheavals. While the lives of his contemporaries flowered and decayed with the hectic brilliance of disease, his own passed with the patience of the seasons, as full and rounded as the year. The Sun which he so often praised, was his presiding genius; theirs, it would seem, was the unstable and disturbing moon; the one, bringing increase and sanity, the other, flood and madness.

Mistral's birthplace was a farm-house, the Mas du Juge, close by the village of Maillane, which lies between Avignon and Arles. It looks over the plain, which in the poet's time was a sea of wheat, towards the calm blue line of the Alpilles. Mistral's father, François, had married for the second time at the age of fifty-five, and Frédéric was the result. François was a figure of Semitic grandeur, who exercised a profound influence on his son: you may meet him, if you will, in Mistral's enchanting memoirs, or portrayed in the patriarchs of his epics. The boy was brought up in idyllic surroundings among farmers and reapers and shepherds, in an atmosphere of hard work, and gaiety, and health, and simplicity; an atmosphere dominated by the powerful but gentle personality of a man who had read but three books: the New Testament, the *Imitation of Christ* and *Don Quixote*: a better preparation for life, it would appear, than the presumptuously eclectic fare so popular with the professors of Progress. Here the boy learned to know men, and to love nature; and here, doubtless, he laid the foundations of that wonderful sense of harmony between them which pervades his works and is one of their glories; laid too, the foundations of that practical knowledge and understanding of customs and habits, of natural life and of human character, which he was later to transfigure with the power of poetry, and which themselves nourished his own genius.

He was sent to school, to the Collège Royal d'Avignon, at the age of thirteen. At Mistral's home French was not spoken; there they spoke the *Langue d'Oc* which had become, in the course of time, a

peasant *patois*. But when he went to school he met for the first time with town-dwellers, with children of the bourgeoisie, who spoke only French, and who looked down upon him for his accent and his country ways. His subsequent regionalism, and his passion for the Provençal language and the local customs, was undoubtedly stimulated by this first experience of wounded pride. It was rendered more positive by contact with the work of an older Provençal poet, Roumanille, who was at this time usher at the Collège Royal. Roumanille recited some of his own poems to the boy, the *Two Lambs*, the *Petit Joseph*, *Paulon*, *Madeleine* and *Louissette*, 'A true blossoming of April flowers,' writes Mistral, 'of flowers prophetic of the felibrean Spring, which ravished me until I exclaimed to myself: Here is the dawn for which my soul was waiting so that it might open to the light!'

After three years at school he passed on to the University of Aix, to study law. Poetry played an ever more important part in his life, but he pursued his studies, and left the University in 1851, having completed his course. During this period he had written a long poem in four cantos, *Li Meissoun*, which he never published, and which only survives in a different and shorter form as *La Fin dou Meissounié*, in the collection of lyrics entitled *Lis Isclo d'Or* (The Isles of Gold), a majestic frieze which portrays the death of an old harvester, who has been mortally wounded by the sickle of one of his comrades and now, surrounded by his mourning companions, invokes the blessing and intercession of St. John, patron of harvesters, with his dying breath. But he had also begun to think about the first and most famous of his epics, *Mirèio*, and, as soon as his time at the University was up, he began work on it. At this time too, at Arles, took place that first meeting of Provençal poets which was to be the beginning of the association of poet-patriots, later famous under the name of the Felibridge, which did so much to revive the *Langue d'Oc* and to preserve the ways and customs of its region.

The final reading of *Mirèio* was given by Mistral to a few friends in his own house at Maillane, in 1858: but it had already been acclaimed in the Paris press by Adolphe Dumas. In his own Provence it was a triumph before its publication. After it was published, at Avignon, in 1859, its success was widespread. Mistral, together with Roumanille and Aubanel, was publicly crowned with laurels, at Nîmes. Paris succumbed to his spell. Dumas had compared him to Virgil; Lamartine now compared him to Homer. There was really no more to be said, for the work was a long rustic epic, in twelve books, about humble people, and in both style and content it was utterly alien to the spirit of the age: it was, moreover, though accompanied by a French translation, written in a language which very few understood.

Seven years separate the appearance of *Mirèio* from that of Mistral's second great epic, *Calendau*. The first tells the story of a simple country maiden — Mirèio — the daughter of a farmer, who falls in love with an itinerant basket-maker. Their love is frowned upon by the girl's parents, who have other ideas for their daughter's future, and she dies of sunstroke having crossed the desert *Crau*, on foot, to implore the aid of the patronesses of her country, the *Saintes Maries*, who, as legend assures us, landed in Provence after the death of Christ, and converted it to Christianity. This simple story is told against a background of frieze-like beauty; a series of *tableaux* depicting the lives and customs of the country people, the farmers, shepherds and herdsmen of Provence.

The second epic, by contrast, deals with the fishermen of the coast, and centres round the love of a fisherman — Calendau — for the descendant of the ancient family of Les Baux — Esterelle — whom local superstition has invested with the attributes of a fairy. Calendau has first to free her from her husband, the bandit Sévéran, and then, in the manner of the Troubadours, has to pass various tests which she imposes upon him, in order to win her hand. The background is, this time, the ways and customs of the fisher-folk. Mlle Thérèse Lavauden, in an essay on Mistral, has very happily compared the two poems thus: 'Mirèio, a virgin sacrificed, is the Iphigenia of Arles, not less pure nor less pathetic than the Greek one. Calendau, on the other hand, is the Hercules of the coast.'

The years which separate the two poems were largely occupied with politics, and it is perhaps appropriate here, briefly to consider Mistral's political ideas, which played so important a part in his life.

Mistral's political thought was in general consistent throughout his life, but it varied in detail according to circumstances: he began, for example, as a republican, and ended up as a monarchist, but his fundamental position remained the same. The root of it is that same pride which led him as a boy to determine to preserve the local speech and manners from the extinction with which centralization threatened them. He began simply as a regionalist, a local patriot, fighting to preserve the traditions of the Midi, in the face of French, and, more particularly, Parisian, influence. He began by placing his hopes in the Republic — the Legitimist Monarchy had fallen in the year of his birth. Much later, on one of the few occasions on which he left his native Provence, he travelled to Paris to join forces with the Republicans, who were by then again in opposition — this time to the Emperor Napoleon III. He was soon disillusioned. The heirs of the Revolution had no time for a poet who wished to repudiate the *départements* and restore the provinces: and the revival of a regional language they regarded as a thoroughly reactionary policy. They made the mistake usually made by progressive republicans whom the

conflict between theory and practice has led ever deeper into the web of bureaucratic centralization: they confused regionalism with separatism. Mistral was never a separatist, and he was never 'anti-French'. On the contrary, basing his case on the sound principle that a chain is as strong as its weakest link, he saw that France would be all the stronger and all the healthier, in proportion to the health and strength of her provinces. He desired, in short, a vigorous federation, and, after his rejection by the republicans, remarked rather bitterly: 'Our French republicans dream ceaselessly of the benefits of the American and Swiss constitutions and all, or nearly all, ignore or repudiate the only means of attaining them, which is federation.' He was a hundred years ahead of his time. After this disappointment he left active politics for good, and concentrated his energies on the revival of Provence and on the noble idea of a Latin confederation, which began with the celebration of a symbolic union between the Felibrige, by this time a flourishing institution, and the Catalan patriots, for whom Mistral wrote his famous lyric, *La Coupo*, celebrating the Catalan gift to the Felibrige of the *coupo santo*:

Men of Provence, behold the cup
Given us by the Catalans:
From it, in turn, let us drink up
The purest vintage of our vines!

This union was born of a mutual desire to resist the centralizing tendencies of Paris and Madrid: but the idea of a latin confederation had likewise its political aspect — opposition to Germany and German influence. It was first celebrated at Avignon, in 1874, the anniversary of the death of Petrarch, with great success. The idea was expanded and received much outside support, notably from Italy, at the Floral Games celebrated at Montpellier in the following year. Four years later, again at Montpellier, a *Fête du chant latin* was held. It involved a musical tournament, a shooting competition, and every kind of game and contest, in addition to the main event — a competition for the best poem on the latin race. This was won by a Roumanian labourer, Alecsandri; but Mistral himself contributed his magnificent lyric, *Cant de la raço latino*, which, because it summarizes eloquently this aspect of his thought, as well as being a beautiful poem, is given here:

Arise, arise, O latin race,
Beneath the great cope of the Sun!
The Lord's wine gushes from the press,
The dark grape bubbles in the tun.

Your hair unbound upon the wind
That blows from Tabor's sacred height,
Yours is the clarity of mind
That lives on joy and on delight;
You are the Apostolic race
That rings the bells across the plain;
The silver trumpeter of Grace;
The hand that sows the golden grain.

Your mother tongue, that mighty stream
That seven arteries supplies,
Whose flood of love and flame must seem
An echo out of Paradise,
Your golden tongue (Rome's daughter too!)
Is that great song that will be heard
On every human lip anew
While there is meaning in the Word.

Your blood, renowned on every hand,
Has flowed for justice and for right;
A new world on a distant strand
Your sailors founded by its light;
Before the barrage of your thought
Crowned kings must crash and princes pause . . .
Ah! Had you not divided fought,
Who had dared bend you to his laws?

Star-fed, your torch has caught alight,
Whose tinder was the burning skies,
Until of loveliness the sprite
Incarnate in your marble lies.
Home of the radiant, god-like art,
From you there comes the grace of truth;
Yours is the brave and laughing heart,
The well-spring of immortal youth!

There is no pantheon but bears
Your woman's form, so pure and sweet;
And at your triumphs and your tears,
Where is the heart that does not beat?
The whole earth blossoms when you bloom;
Your follies lodge in every head;
And in the darkness of your doom,
All men eat misery's black bread.

Your tranquil sea's pellucid wave,
 Flower-sprinkled with a snow-white fleet,
 That mirrors heaven's azure nave
 And salts the sand beneath your feet,
 That ever-smiling sea God poured
 Out of his boundless heart to bind
 With one, immense, translucent cord,
 The dusky peoples of your kind.

Upon your sun-soaked slopes there grows
 The olive-tree, the staff of peace;
 And through your countryside there blows
 The swelling vine, in proud increase:
 So let your past, O latin race,
 Your fate upon your heart emboss;
 Arise, salute the morning's face,
 One Brotherhood beneath the Cross!¹

¹ Aubouro-te, raço latino,
 Souto la capo dóu soulèu!
 Lou rasin brun boui dins la tino,
 Lou vin de Diéu gisclara lèu.

Emé toun péu que se desnouso
 A l'auro santo dou Tabor,
 Tu siés la raço lumenouso
 Que viéu de joio e d'estrambord;
 Tu siés la raço apoustoullico
 Que sono li campano à brand:
 Tu siés la troumpo que publico
 E siés la man que trais lou gran.

Ta lengo maire, aquéu grand flume
 Que pèr sèt branco s'espandis,
 Largent l'amour, largant lou lume
 Coume un resson de Paradis,
 Ta lengo d'or, fiho roumano
 Dou Pople-Rèi, es la cansoun
 Que rediran li bouco umano,
 Tant que lou Verbe aura resoun.

Toun sang illustre, de tout caire,
 Pèr la justico a fa rajou;
 Pereilalin ti navegair
 Soun ana querre un mounde nòu;
 Au batedis de sa pensado
 As esclapa cènt cop ti rèi . . .
 Ah! se noun ères divisado,
 Quau poudrié vuei te faire lèi?

A la belugo dis estello
 Abrant lou mou de toun flambèu,

Dintre lou mabre e sus la telo
 As encarna lou subre-beù.
 De l'art divin siés la patrio,
 E touto gràci vèn de tu:
 Siés lou sourgènt de l'alegrio
 E siés l'eterno jouventu!

Di formo puro de ti femo
 Li panteon se soùn poupla;
 A ti triouñfle, à ti lagremo
 Touti li cor an barbela;
 Flouris la terro, quand fas flòri;
 De ti foulié cadun vèn fòu;
 E dins l'esclüssi de ta glòri
 Sèmpre lou mounde a pourta dòu.

Ta lindo mar, la mar sereno
 Ounte blanquejon li veissèu,
 Friso à ti pèd sa molo areno
 En miraiant l'azur dóu cèu.
 Aquelo mar toujour risènto,
 Diéu l'escampè de soun clarun
 Coume la cencho trelusènto
 Que dèu liga to pople brun.

Sus ti coustiero souleiouso
 Crèis l'oulivié, l'aubre de pas,
 E de la vigno vertuiouso
 S'enourgilisson ti campas:
 Raço latino, en remembranço
 De toun destin sèmpre courous,
 Aubouro-te vers l'esperanço,
 Afrairo-te souto la Crous!

In the meantime, in the desire to revive and restore his native tongue, he had been working on the *Tresor dóu Felibrige*, a monumental dictionary of the dialects of the Midi, a great labour of love which he considered essential to the revival of *Langue d'Oc*, for the *patoisants* had been able to write only in the dialect of their particular regions since the decay of the synthetic Provençal of the Troubadours. *Calendau* appeared in 1866, containing, in its notes, the most fervent expression of his federal ideas and hopes, later, as we have seen, to be disappointed. It did not achieve the success of *Mirèio*, partly, perhaps, because it is less universal in its interest, and more obviously a regional poem: but it contains, in certain passages, the loftiest and most fiery poetry that Mistral ever wrote. The next long poem to appear was a narrative poem, *Nerto*, written in rhyming octosyllabic couplets, which was published in 1884. His subject is again Provençal, but it is historical and not contemporary. It is based upon a folk legend which tells the story of a girl whose soul was vowed to the devil by her father, and how she was saved by divine intervention and the power of love. The period is that of the Great Schism, when Avignon was the seat of the Papacy. The whole poem is intimate, imaginative, fantastic, fabulous. It is full of enchanting poetry and subtle characterization. In the same year that saw the publication of *Nerto*, Mistral visited Paris, where he was honoured and acclaimed. On his return to Maillane he wrote his first and last play, a tragedy in five acts, on the theme of Queen Joanna of Naples, Countess of Provence and Anjou. It contains magnificent scenes and fine poetry, but has not succeeded as a play, being, despite remarkable moments, essentially undramatic. Like the plays of Yeats, it is the work of one who was before all things a poet. In 1891 — he was then sixty-one — he founded a popular Provençal paper, *L'Aiòli*. In the same year he spent two months in Italy, the only occasion, apart from his visits to Paris, on which he left Provence. Then, seven years after *Nerto*, appeared his last epic, *Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose*, a hymn to the great river Rhône, and a record of the old horse navigation of the waterways, which was even then disappearing under the forces of Progress with so many other noble and patient things. The poem provides a contrast in every way to the rest of Mistral's work. No longer are rhymed stanzas employed, but unrhymed decasyllables, divided into *laisses* in the manner of the old *chansons de Geste*. No longer is it clear-cut and plastic like the other epics, but loose, flowing, and mysterious as the great river itself, introducing, as well, in the figure of the Prince Guihen, the young stranger from Flanders, a veiled and northern quality of dreamy romanticism. In contrast to the unfolding of the fantastic story of the Prince's love for the Angloro, which ends when they are both drowned in the river, after the barge on which they have

been travelling has come into collision with a steam-boat, the narrative of the journey down the Rhône, with its wealth of local lore and technical detail, is recounted with the simplest realism. The Rhône-Poem crowns his work, and rounds it off. It is regarded by many as his masterpiece. But there was still a second book of lyrics — *Lis Oulivado* (The Olive-Gathering) — to come, and a translation into Provençal of the Book of Genesis. He ended a life, full, complete, and harmonious, on the eve of the Great War of 1914, with the name of the *Saintes Maries* on his lips, surrounded by affection and mourned by the people whom he had loved and honoured.

2

As we have seen, Mistral, on the publication of *Mirèio*, was likened to Virgil by Dumas, and to Homer by Lamartine. The comparisons were enthusiastic, but not excessive. The poet himself invited the second, in the first stanza of *Mirèio*:

A maiden of Provence I sing,
In the love of her youth's Spring,
A simple, country girl whom now,
Though to the outside world unknown,
By Homer's great example borne
I wish to trace, amid the corn,
Towards the sea, across the Crau . . .

and his work is certainly more akin to the lyrical, or primitive, Homeric epic, than to the literary epic associated with the august line of Virgil: only in his descriptions of nature, does Mistral come close to Virgil — to the Virgil of the *Georgics*.

In these Provençal epics are to be found all the devices of the primitive epic. The games and contests of the *Aeneid* are paralleled, in *Mirèio*, by the running contest, and by the fight between Ourrias and Vincèn in Canto 5; and, in *Calendau*, by the water-sports of the fishermen of Cassis: water-sports which are the lineal descendants of the Roman *naumachia*. The machinery of gods and supernatural powers — for the self-respecting epic must include heaven as well as earth — presents no problem for Mistral. His people are a Christian people and they believe in prayer, and in the intervention of the Angels and the Saints, and their folklore is rich in legends of good and evil powers, a curious blend of Christian and pagan themes, which are recounted of a winter's evening round the fire, in lonely dwellings where the radio and the novellette are — or were — unknown. His use of the supernatural was not in the least self-conscious, and presented no problem to his readers: it was a

part of their consciousness. We find a delicate Christian mysticism in the vision of the Maries at the end of *Mirèio*:

And, white in air diaphanous,
 Three Holy Marys, luminous,
 Came down; and one, against her breast
 An alabaster vase held tight:
 The star that, on a tranquil night,
 Sheds on the shepherd its soft light,
 Is that with which her brow was blessed . . .

The saints appear to *Mirèio*, a little transfigured, but still in the form in which she has imagined them ever since she was a child. Likewise, in *Nerto*, the appearance of an archangel is described in an image whose immediate, visual impact, presents it as something vividly real and imprinted on the eye:

Down below, the world is white;
 And overhead, the world is light.
 And on the summit of the hill,
 In his hood, so rapt and still,
 The hermit is in ecstasy.
 It is as if life passed him by
 And the spirit watched alone.
 The Angel speaks, observed by none,
 But the hermit's pupils quail
 To see his wings arise and pale,
 To mingle with the azure steep
 Of space, so luminous and deep,
 And tremble like a distant sail . . .

But the direct and simple faith of the countryman is not only vivid; it is also inclusive and flexible: the dividing line between the light and the dark is sometimes obscured, and it is easily crossed. Thus, in the fifth canto of *Mirèio*, when Ourrias, having, as he thinks, murdered Vincèn, gallops across the *Crau* and comes to the river, his attempt to cross in a ferry, which sinks and drowns him, is accompanied by the apparition of the St. Medard's night procession, which raises from the depths of the Rhône, in the moonlight, the ghosts of all the souls who have been drowned in the stream. Here legend, magic and Christian tradition are perfectly blended to create an eerie and haunting scene which, to the sophisticated reader, may appear to be a literary *tour de force*, but which, to Mistral's countrymen, is perfectly credible. The poet's own approach is purposely simple and direct: he is a wonderful story-teller who refuses to interrupt his narrative to inquire, to speculate, or to explain; and this is one of the cardinal rules of the epic form. He

allows himself a sophisticated approach only through the medium of a sophisticated character, such as the Prince in the Rhône-Poem, whose psychology is northern and romantic and is, incidentally, a telling instance of Mistral's breadth of sympathy and psychological insight:

... He is obsessed now by a dream of love,
 The fantasy of a romantic prince;
 And he believes his voyage will disclose
 The flowering of the Naiad of old time,
 Of water-flowers that blossom on the wave
 In which the Nymph lies, naked and concealed;
 The Nymph pure, spotless, beautiful and frail,
 That the spirit breeds and then desires,
 And that the brush retraces, and the poet
 Ever evokes in visionary dreams, —
 The maddening and the voluptuous Nymph
 Who, round the swimmer, in the water's rush,
 Lets out the floating tendrils of her hair
 And mingles and commingles with the surge.
 And so from lock to lock along the Saône,
 From Flanders, his own country, he came down,
 As from the misty north the swans descend
 In autumn, on the meres of Vacarès . . .

For Mistral, with his balanced southern temperament, human beings come first: but he is still one of the great nature poets of the world. He invests nature, or aspects of nature, with personality; but it is always, rightly, subhuman and elemental. For him nature, the rich and beautiful nature of his own country, is the perfect setting for human beings, for the slow cycle of life with its sacred drama of love and death, of work and of rest. He is concerned always with the eternal verities, not with the ephemeral theories. He does not describe nature for its own sake, but because its colours and its moods throw into relief the development of human character upon which he is intent. He never falls into the Wordsworthian heresy of exalting nature in order to belittle man: Mistral never doubts that men and women, however wicked they may sometimes prove to be, are made in the image of God who made the world, and are possessed of immortal souls which raise them above all created things, above even the angels themselves. When Mirèio sets off in the dawn, for what is to be her last journey, she does so in a restful lull before the storm, before the savage heat of the day in the *Crau* which is to kill her, in the perfect freshness of dawn upon the mighty river:

As he was speaking, on the Rhône,
 Resplendent with the rosy tone

Shed by the morning light, the barges
 Sailed slowly up, and from the sea
 The wind with their white sails grew free
 And pressed them on, as easily
 As shepherdess her snowy charges . . .

These descriptions are never given for their own sake, but always blend the mood of nature with the mood of the story, they are a preparation for, or an enhancement of, the situation. In *Mirèio* again, as the children talk sweetly together and day draws to a close, the background to their conversation is subtly inserted:

Thus the evening slipped away:
 And the wain, unharnessed, lay
 Casting great shadows with its wheels;
 From time to time, across the fen
 A distant bell would tinkle; then
 A dreamy owl would mourn again
 Amid the song of nightingales . . .

No mood of nature can escape Mistral; the radiant dawn, the blazing noon, the quiet twilight, the storm:

. . . As soon as there appeared
 The first rays of the sun, for the return
 The Caburle's put about, and moves upstream,
 With clear-cut prow cleaving the surging Rhône,
 Filling the river-valley with new life
 And with the force, the movement and the noise
 Of her horse-teams. The mistral, at full strength,
 Blows ceaselessly. The trees, saluting it,
 Groan like wild bulls and bend and shake, as if
 They would wrench out their trunks. The Rhône's held back
 And polished like a mirror by the gale.
 Against the wind and water, the strong teams,
 Their noses lowered, press towards the North
 With their relentless tread. And angrily
 With bagpipe wail the bitter hurricane
 Staggers the beasts and makes them prick their ears.
 The impatient waggoners, raising their hands
 To their plush caps, with twisted lips let fly
 Into the mistral's teeth a gale of oaths . . .

and, above all, the soft and moonlit night, as in this passage, again from *Lou Pouèmo d'ou Rose*, in which the heroine goes bathing in the river, by night:

. . . On one such night of overpowering heat,
 When it is insupportable indoors,
 She had risen, in her shift, and gone out
 To taste the freshness of the moonlit night.
 And the moon, in her fullness, followed her
 As, thin and frail, she went towards the bank
 And barefoot, in the unfathomed silences
 Of Nature's illimitable slumbering,
 She listened to the murmur of the Rhône.
 The glow-worms there were gleaming in the grasses;
 The nightingales, amorous, lost in distance,
 Were answering each other in the poplars,
 And the ripples were listening to their own laughter,
 When suddenly the girl let fall her shift
 And into the Rhône's flood, ardent and trembling,
 Slowly she slipped, bent forward, crossing her hands
 Over the quivering of her maiden breasts . . .
 . . . Then slowly, in the soft flow of the stream,
 Forward she went again, brightly illumed
 By the Moon's rays that luminously kissed
 The slim nape of her neck, her amber flesh,
 Her narrow back and thighs, her soft round arms,
 And her small, hard, harmonious breasts that nestled
 Like ring-doves in the wanderings of her hair.
 The least noise — it might be a fish that leapt
 Out of the water, snatching at a fly,
 The gurgle of a whirlpool's swallowing,
 The needle exclamation of a bat,
 Or a leaf rattled by an insect's wing —
 Would overturn her heart. But round her waist
 And then above it, happy to feel clothed
 By the bright mantle of the running river,
 She could think only of her joy in being
 Blended and mingled with the glorious Rhône.
 How gentle seemed the sand beneath her feet!
 A warm delight, a liquid freshening
 Enveloped her in its delicious fragrance.
 And on the flowers of her skin and flesh,
 Like girls the swiftly curling waves bestowed
 Soft kisses and caresses, murmuring
 Smooth words that gave her shivers of delight . . .

It is an essential of epic poetry that nothing should be introduced
 which does not contribute to the action; and Mistral contrives to
 bring in his descriptions of his beloved countryside, and the customs

of his people, in such a way that they provide a perfect setting for, and contribute to, the telling of the tale. The love of Vincèn and Mirèio is declared in the idyllic circumstances of the leaf-picking, among the mulberry trees, accompanied by the refrain:

Sing, magnanarello, sing!
 For to harvest is to sing!
 The silkworm its third crop secretes;
 The mulberry trees are full of girls,
 Round whom the sunny weather swirls —
 A flight of golden bees that whirls
 To rob the rosemary of its sweets!

In *Calendau*, where the lovers are older and more mature, the background is the passionate ardour of a midsummer noon: in *Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose*, wrapped as its love episodes are, in an atmosphere not of latin clarity but of northern dreams, they find their counterpart in the mysterious music of the great river. The awakening of love is a favourite theme with Mistral; it appears in every poem; on each occasion it is different, and on each occasion it is beautiful and true. In a lyric, addressed to the poetess Antoinette de Beaucaire, from the first collection, *Lis Isclo d'Or*, he refines the emotion, in an aesthetic 'assumption', to the point of complete idealization, following here a favourite method of the Troubadours:

Immaterial diaphany,
 O maiden, you are grown to be
 Where the clear heaven sheers
 One with that sprite that is the whole world's breath,
 Without which your pure love is only death,
 Without which all your joy brings only tears.

The fountain of all beauty and delight
 Intoxicates your dreaming sight,
 Luminously ablaze,
 And dedicated to your one desire,
 You sow the seeds of God-begotten fire
 In mortal hearts that on his face would gaze . . .

and in another, from *Lis Oulivado*, called *Evo*, he surrounds with the purest enchantment, the expression of earthly desire:

What is the pearl
 That is born of the swirl
 In the kingdom of Amphitrite,
 If it do not shine
 On the ear divine
 Of the pearl-born Aphrodite? . . .

What is the rose
 Whose buds uncloze
 In the dew of a morning in May,
 If it wake not from sleep,
 If it wake not to weep
 On thy breast that is still more lovely? . . .

What is the bait
 That makes us elate
 With longing to feel thy fire
 If the king of the sky
 In his majesty
 Has not made thee for desire?

All homage be
 To thy royalty,
 And may all that brings delight,
 Smile upon thee
 And be offered thee . . .
 But never art thou so bright

As in glory's hour
 When you burst into flower
 Without dress or finery,
 As fateful and bare
 As once you were
 When God's hand fashioned thee!¹

The poet's finest love poetry is however to be found in the declarations of the lovers in *Calendau*: there too, are to be found the most passionate personal declarations of love for his own land: such an

¹ Qu'es la perlo
 Qu'en bousserlo
 Se coungreio au fauns di nais,
 Se noun briho
 A l'auriho
 D'Afroudito que ié nais! . . .

Qu'es la roso
 Que s'aroso
 Emé l'eigagnau de Mai,
 Se noun flouro
 E noun plouro
 Sus toun sen que flouro mai! . . .

Qu'es la morso
 Que nous forço
 De bela vers ta cremour,

Se lou mèstre
 Dóu celèstre
 Noun t'a facho pèr l'amour?

Oumenage
 Au reinage!
 Tout ço que i'a d'esclatant
 Qu'à tu rigue
 E s'oufrigue . . .
 Mai siés bello jamai tant.

Coume en glòri
 Quand fas flòri
 Sènso faudo ni faudiéu,
 Lindo! talo
 Que, fatalo
 Te pastè la man de Diéu.

one is the passage near the beginning of that epic, of which what follows is an extract:

... Soul of my native land,
 You that flame forth and come to be
 Both in her speech and history
 When German, Picard and Burgundian,
 Besieged Toulouse, and then Beaucaire,
 You who did kindle everywhere
 Against the dark invaders there
 Men of Marseilles and Avignon;

You who by force of memory
 Preserved our hope in days to be,
 You who, despite the grave and death,
 Fairer, more fruitful, more on fire,
 Did still the Troubadours inspire,
 Rejuvenating sage and sire
 Till Mirabeau spoke with the Mistral's breath;

... The inundations of the years
 And all their tempests and their fears
 In vain mix race and boundary;
 For nature and the earth, our mother
 Will feed us, sister, son and brother,
 With the same milk; their breasts discover
 The good oil to the olive tree.

Soul eternally reborn,
 Noble, joyful, full of scorn,
 That in the Rhône and Rhône-wind neighs!
 Great soul of the harmonious wood,
 Of inlets where the sun's rays brood,
 Dear soul of our Provençal blood,
 I call thee! Live within my lays! . . .

But the glory of Mistral is in his characters, the men and women, young men and maidens, who move through his splendid landscapes with the statuesque beauty of figures in a frieze. Mirèio herself is a creature of flesh and blood, an *arlésienne*, whom you may see today — if you are lucky — in the streets of Arles or Nîmes; an immortal creation destined to take her place beside Iphigenia and Antigone, Francesca and Juliet. And not only the leading figures, but the minor characters are real people, stylized portraits of the folk with whom he was brought up, and with whom he lived and worked. He has preserved them in his poetry, no less carefully than he preserved the

dialects of the Midi in his *Tresor dóu Felibrige*. These portraits were matured doubtless during those gay excursions to the country inns of which Léon Daudet writes in his memoirs: '... How those inns were turned upside down when the gay and talkative men of letters descended upon them! What a succession of songs and stories flowed freely until, drawn by the common link of race, youth and language, the landlord, the landlady, the other guests and the waitresses all joined in! ... To hear Mistral, in that clear, melodious voice of his, recite his verses, the cook, with frying pan suspended, would almost forget the omelette, the waiter pouring out the Tavel wine would pause, the bottle with its ruby-coloured liquid still in mid air ...' But Mistral was fortunate in his raw material. He did not have to search for it in books or libraries, or conjure it out of his own imagination: it lay all about him, ready to hand. His people had about them already the stature and simplicity of an Homeric creation. In his father he had the model of a patriarch who has remained unchanged since Genesis, since the Golden Age of Greece, the patriarch who, when man's folly has spent itself, must return again to take possession of the earth. The chief boatman, Master Apian, in *Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose*, is such a man, strong, wise, upright, God-fearing, with his long white locks falling plaited about his bronzed temples; with great gold ear-rings in his ears, and his sparkling, watchful eyes. There is Ramoun in *Mirèio*, the stern and thrifty farmer, conservative and unchangeable as the rocks about him. Mistral, the true epic poet, does not describe his characters: he lets them describe themselves, in their speech and in their actions. He paints a gallery of varied types, and his touch, with young and old, simple and complex alike, is always sure.

Mistral possesses, also, constructive power of an unusual kind. It is a plastic, sculptural quality which draws together all the various strands, the background sketches and the character studies, into a harmonious whole which has the cohesion and the firm line of marble. This quality is especially apparent in *Mirèio*, which we have already had occasion to liken to a frieze. *Mirèio* is addressed to the eye as well as to the ear: it materializes in the mind, as slowly, as warmly, as roundly, and as inevitably, as a fruit. All his work — though these *tableaux* become less frequent as he grows older, and he solves the problem in other ways — is pervaded by stillness, an immobility in the midst of action, an olympian calm and serenity that belong to the greatest works of art in their 'moments of truth'. This quality may be seen in the poet's description of St. John's night, in *Mirèio*, where it suffuses a scene of energetic action and a passage crammed with gesture and movement; or, again, in the ninth canto where the activity of the reapers is blended with the action, which is here attaining a climax, and there is a sustained swirl of colour and

movement portrayed with a strength and energy reminiscent of Rubens at his finest: and yet, the whole effect is of something timeless, statuesque, eternal.

Mistral has all the virtues of the south, its harmony, clarity, and proportion. He has also the unhurried thoroughness of workmanship, the breadth of vision and sympathy, the depth of insight, the calm, and the versatility, associated with the highest genius. The river of great art is broad, and flows majestically: it also flows slowly. It leaves the waterfalls and spectacular rapids to more ephemeral forces. Sometimes it flows deep underground, and is hardly seen for a hundred years; and then, when it seems lost, and is only a glorious memory in the minds and works of men, it suddenly reappears as splendid as before, its sweep unimpaired, its energy undimmed, and sails on its way for a further period, utterly indifferent to the passage of time and the vagaries and fashions of bewildered mankind. To this river Mistral belongs. Like Homer and Dante and Virgil, he does not belong to the past, or the present, or the future. He does not look forward or back, he just is. Like his great predecessors he does not invent; he brings nothing new to light; he does not experiment or seek new and strange experiences. He is, literally, too healthy for that. He is content to restate the eternal truths, in terms of his own patient experience: he gives us, not knowledge and speculation, but wisdom and contemplation. He knows too, that despite all his faith in men and in his country, the end of wisdom is in the words of the preacher — all is vanity.

My faith is but a dream: that much I know,
But still a dream that seems enveiled in gold . . .

he writes in *Lou Parangoun*, one of the most profound of his lyrics. *Lou Parangoun*, the Archetype, is Provence, and briefly, and with rising melancholy, he reviews her history; its rise, its glory, and its fall. It seems now as though all has been cast down into darkness, in the passing of time:

But Santo Estello in the empyrean height
Performed a miracle one fair May morning;
The endless Crau saw bloom in new delight
Mireille — Provence with Paradise alight,
You've flowered again, fresh fragrance your adorning!

He who had laboured to rescue his country's language from oblivion and restore to her her faith in her traditions, had called forth from the depths of his spirit, in defiance of death and change, Mirèio, a simple country girl, but one over whom Time has no dominion.

NEWMAN AND EDUCATION

G. H. BANTOCK

1

' "I HAVE never known a Cambridge man", as a reverent disciple of the prophet lately said to me, "who could appreciate Newman." ' The person addressed was Leslie Stephen; and Stephen goes on to observe that 'We held that our common sense enabled us to appreciate [Newman] only too thoroughly by the dry light of reason and to resist the illusions of romantic sentiment'. It is not perhaps remarkable that Stephen, who found John Stuart Mill 'possessed [of] the merits which we most admired — good, downright, hard logic with a minimum of sentimentalism', should be out of sympathy with the Oxford Movement. 'The embodiment of pure passionless reason,' as Stephen calls Mill, does not, admittedly, harmonize well with the follower of St Ambrose who cried 'Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum'. Henry Sidgwick, writing a number of years later, bears out the traditional Cambridge approach to Newman adumbrated by the 'reverent disciple' above when in a letter he said:

The Cardinal interests me — always has interested me — as a man and a writer rather than a reasoner. I delight in the perfect fit of his thought to its expression, and the rare unforced *individuality* of both; but as a *reasoner* I have never been disposed to take him seriously . . . regarding him as a man whose conclusions have always been influenced primarily by his emotions, and only secondarily by the workings of his subtle and ingenious intellect.

Yet not all Oxford men were sympathetic to Newman. Mark Pattison, blaming an 'inner force of an inherited pietism of an evangelical type', had been drawn into Tractarianism, which he later accused of having 'desolated Oxford life, and [having] suspended, for an indefinite period, all science, humane letters, and the first strivings of intellectual freedom which had moved in the bosom of Oriel'. The process of his rehabilitation he regarded as a triumph of his 'reason' over the obscurantism of the Movement.

Today, when one looks back upon the controversies that shook England in the midst of the last century, one feels a little surprised that the man who found the *raison d'être* of the University in the training of human intellect, who protested so vehemently against religion as sentiment rather than knowledge, who complained so

strongly that 'in the present day mistiness is the mother of wisdom' should be accused with such persistence of irrationalism and obscurantism. Admittedly he made it plain that he 'had a great dislike of paper logic'; but that did not mean that he was an irrationalist. It merely meant that his conception of what constituted thinking differed from the prevailing rationalist view. It started from different premises; it involved different, and, it could be urged, deeper aspects of the personality. Newman's dislike of paper logic was based on a profounder psychological understanding of the processes by which opinions are come by than his opponents gave him credit for. There was behind his 'grammar of assent' an experience of an intense nature that affected his attitude to the logic of the utilitarians for the rest of his life — his conversion. His understanding of the mental processes which led him to the Catholic position helps us to define the nature of his intellectualism; and in considering his educational thought, an understanding of what he regarded as the function of the intellect is vital.

Following the disclaimer about paper logic just quoted, Newman continues, in the *Apologia*:

For myself, it was not logic that carried me on; as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it. All the logic in the world would not have made me move faster towards Rome than I did. . . .

This makes it clear that Newman's exercise of the intellect avoided that element of abstractness which was an unavoidable concomitant of the nineteenth-century rationalist position. The difference is analogous to that pointed out by Mill as existing between the assumptions of Coleridge and Bentham:

the one demanding the extinction of the institutions and creeds which had hitherto existed; the other that they be made a reality; the one pressing the new doctrines to their utmost consequences; the other reasserting the best meaning & purposes of the old. The first type attained its greatest height in Bentham; the last in Coleridge.

Coleridge's instinct, as Mill points out, is to ask of received opinion 'What is the meaning of it?' Bentham's propensity was to ask 'Is it true?' One stands inside the experience and seeks to understand and correlate, the other to abstract himself and analyse in accordance with a particularly restricted conception of what counts as evidence.¹

¹ John Stuart Mill in his essay on *Bentham*, analyses the narrowness of Bentham's mind that made his philosophical outlook so restricted: 'Bentham's

The distinction is one that Mr John E. Smith made in the *Cambridge Journal* between the reason that looks for 'unity with the known which characterized the Platonic theory of knowledge' and that reason which seeks 'control over the known leading ultimately to that mastery over nature and history which has been the pride (if not yet the fall) of modern man', and which might be termed Baconian. St Thomas made a similar distinction when he spoke of the difference between *intellectus* and *ratiocinatio*, and called reason 'the imperfection of the intelligence'.

Newman's *Grammar of Assent* constitutes an extended commentary on the Coleridgean stand-point; and it takes its validity from the central experience of the conversion, as that conversion is described in the *Apologia*, and quoted above. Newman's conception of what constitutes 'proof' or, to use his own word 'certitude', differs from that of the rationalist because Newman is willing to bring into play aspects of the mind that the rationalists leave out. Newman was not like his Catholic contemporary, Cardinal Cullen;¹ he was willing to accept the truths of science and to encourage scientific research as a means of arriving at conclusions within a particular field of the true. But he realized that it was *unreasonable* to assume 'that all reality (is) confined within the field of sensory experience . . . and that there is no reality that cannot be thus apprehended, or at least deduced by reasoning based on sensory experience'. He saw that scientific rationalism was wrong to require only certain types of proof and accept those as conclusive; because such types of proof involved particular abstractions from the totality of experience, and these had no grounds to be considered of greater importance than proofs drawn from other manifestations of human experience just as imperative.

Thus Newman takes Locke to task because Locke 'consults his own ideal of how the mind ought to act, instead of interrogating human nature as an existing thing, as it is found in the world'. Locke

¹ Cullen was the archbishop who invited Newman to Dublin to found a Catholic University in opposition to the Queen's Colleges. He was, however, a man of highly conservative temperament, against intellectualism and any compromise with science.

contempt, then, of all other schools of thinkers; his determination to create a philosophy wholly out of the materials furnished by his own mind and by minds like his own; was his first disqualification as a philosopher. His second, was the incompleteness of his own mind as a representative of universal human nature. In many of the most natural and strongest feelings of human nature he had no sympathy; from many of its graver experiences he was altogether cut off; and the faculty by which one mind understands a mind different from itself, and throws itself into the feelings of that other mind, was denied him by his deficiency of Imagination.' [*Mill on Bentham and Coleridge*, ed. F. R. Leavis.] Though Stephen finds in Mill the embodiment of 'pure passionless reason', Mill was great enough to see the restrictions under which Bentham's logic inevitably works.

is blamed for not going 'by the testimony of psychological facts'; he proposes an abstract doctrine which breaks down in face of the 'logic of facts' when he states that 'the strength of assent given to each proposition varies with the strength of the inference on which the assent follows'. A considerable portion of the *Grammar of Assent* is taken up with repudiating this notion on psychological grounds that make logical inference only one of the possible means to assent. For Locke fails to recognize that it is the 'concrete being that reasons . . . the whole man moves'. The logician abstracts:

To him dog or horse is not a thing which he sees, but a mere name suggesting ideas; and by dog or horse universal he means, not the aggregate of all individual dogs or horses brought together, but a common aspect, meagre but precise of all existing or possible dogs or horses . . . [the logician's] business is not to ascertain facts in the concrete, but to find and dress up middle terms.

Thus it becomes plain that 'formal logical sequence is not in fact the method by which we are enabled to become certain of what is concrete'. The real method is through 'the cumulation of probabilities . . . probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms, too numerous and various for such conversion, even were they convertible'. Indeed, language is an inadequate instrument to convey the totality of experience.

Thus Newman's position constitutes a protest of the individual mind in concrete relationship to experience against the abstracted analysis of the Benthamites. 'A proof . . . has always in it, more or less, an element of the personal.' Thinking to him was an act of the total personality, in which the intellect played an important part, but which needed to take in evidence derived from aspects of the mind outside the purely intellectual. Thus, to speak of degrees of assent in the way in which Locke does is to confuse 'the position of the mind relative to the adoption of a given conclusion and the perception of the relation of that conclusion to a premiss'. Thus Newman *involves* the individual in a conclusion in a manner different from that of the scientific rationalist. To come to a conclusion, for Newman, is necessarily a prelude to action, in the way implied by his own conversion. His method, too, involves a fuller appreciation of the assumptions of thought; in Logic, 'its chain of conclusions hangs loose at both ends; both the point from which the proof should start, and the points at which it should arrive, are beyond its reach; it comes short both of first principles and of concrete issues'.

At the same time it is important to realize that Newman does not despise the use of logic *in its place*. This is made clear in the distinction he makes between a 'real' and a 'notional' assent. A 'real

assent' is one made by a shift of the total personality in the manner described in the conversion; 'notional assents' are largely based on intellectual abstractions, grasped by an aspect of the mind only. 'Real assents' usually affect conduct; 'notional assents' usually do not. Yet 'notional assents' have their part to play. The mind makes a 'real assent' to the truths of religion; but it needs the mainstay of a 'notional assent' to the truths of theology to maintain the firmness of assent:

Theology may stand as a substantive science, though it be without the life of religion; but religion cannot maintain its ground at all without theology.

In other words, the imagination which accepts the truths of religion needs the intellect as its stay and support; religion as sentiment alone earned Newman's particular condemnation. His teaching, it can be said, sometimes betrays a lack of absolute clarity, so that the boundaries between 'real' and 'notional' assents cannot always be marked out with certainty. But the general drift of his argument is unmistakable.

Again, logic provides a necessary public mode of intercourse between mind and mind. 'It is the great principle of order in our thinking.'

Thus his position seems to me profoundly more subtle than theirs who dealt in 'pure passionless reasons'; he manages to combine passion and reason in a unity that enables him to seek for fact and knowledge in realms the utilitarians never dreamt of. Logic he will accept within the limitations which his understanding of the insufficiencies of logic make clear to him. If his exposition lacks the absolute clarity of the logician it is because he is attempting a more fundamental task. He cannot be dismissed in the way in which Henry Sidgwick dismissed him precisely because his reasoning is not something apart from his 'individuality', as Sidgwick makes it appear; his reasoning, that is to say, is not something abstracted from him, but something at once subjective and objective. As Mill said: 'Nobody's synthesis can be more complete than his analysis. If in his survey of human nature and life he has left any element out, then, wheresoever that element exerts any influence, his conclusions will fail, more or less, in their applications.' It is because Newman's survey of human nature was more complete than that of so many of his contemporaries that the constructions of his thought take into account a wider view of human endeavour. It is because his knowledge of the 'subject' personality, and of aspects of individuality that his opponents tended to neglect, is so rich that his comprehension of 'objects' is much wider than that of his contemporaries; so that he can at once approve of science (seeing, however, the limitations within

which the scientist must necessarily work), and at the same time assert the claim of theology to be knowledge. Newman's conception of knowledge, as we shall see, must be thought of in terms of a harmonious assimilation of conflicting claims based on a comprehension of the *inherent nature* of the opposing elements. As A. N. Whitehead has said, quoting the motto *Non in Dialectica* (which incidentally appears on the title page of the *Grammar of Assent*): 'This saying, quoted by Cardinal Newman, should be the motto of every metaphysician. He is seeking, amid the dim recesses of his ape-like consciousness and beyond the reach of dictionary language, for the premises implicit in all reasoning.'

Newman's search, then, starting from an unusually complex appreciation — unusually complex, that is to say, for the nineteenth century — of the bases of understanding enabled him to conceive the various fields of knowledge in terms of their ends, the coalitions and distinctions which marked the disparity in unity, and the unity underlying separateness which characterizes the mental constructions of man, in a way unusual since the middle ages. The comparative poverty in experience of Liberal England in the nineteenth century — the sort of poverty that Arnold at once complains and remains a portent of — might be said to arise, at least in part, from the poverty inherent in the accepted convention of proof, of the true. For what is not accepted as 'true', what becomes in Newman's own words, a matter of 'sentiment' or 'mistiness', loses its inherent seriousness, no longer provides an element of tension within the mind and atrophies in the way in which the emotions of Mill and Darwin atrophied. Hence it is that Newman, by accepting dogmas which to so many proclaimed the death of the mind, gained a release rather than a desiccation, a fullness rather than an attenuation. The discipline he accepted was a discipline that transcended the humanistic. The immensity of the tradition within which he placed himself provided him with a perspective, enabled him to make distinctions and clarifications which were out of the range of his contemporaries. His concept of truth, instead of being narrowed, became immensely wider because, as we have seen, more aspects of the personality were involved in the search for it. By no means all Catholics achieved his largeness; the acceptance of dogma does not necessarily entail such an extension. But an age which accepts such limited criteria of the true and the useful and insists on confining its activities within the boundaries suggested by such criteria has no call to criticize the acceptance of notions which seem to it so fantastically irrelevant and yet which within their framework permitted the mind of a Newman to work.

It is interesting to consider, at a time when the word 'dogmatic' is regarded as such a term of abuse, that Newman's dogmatism

springs from a profounder humility than the scepticism of the rationalists who attacked him. To the Baconian conception of knowledge as power he contrasts knowledge as acceptance; to Locke's ideal of how the mind ought to act he opposes the acceptance of how it does act. To the sciences which seek to extend their empire in fields beyond their capacity to rule he opposes the conception of the end inherent in the undertaking;¹ above all, to the depredations of the 'subject' he contests the life inherent in the 'object'.² Truth, it must be remembered, to Newman was something objective, that could be known. To the general proposition that 'we have no right in philosophy to make any assumption whatever, and that we ought to begin with a universal doubt', he counters by saying that such a position in itself involves assumptions and that 'doubt itself is a positive state'.

I would rather have to maintain that we ought to begin with believing everything that is offered to our acceptance, than that it is our duty to doubt of everything. The former, indeed, seems to be the true way of learning.

The *Grammar of Assent* is written to urge the possibility of assent and certitude on grounds other than those of scientific 'proof'.

Newman indeed represents an uncommon manifestation in the modern world, of an integrated and undivided personality. For him personally, the nineteenth century was no 'iron time of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears'; he did not feel its 'sick hurry, its divided aims'. That does not mean to say that he had never known difficulty and conflict; but such difficulties as he had had existed within a stable framework of assumptions; fundamentals were not in question. The *Apologia* shows a remarkable instance of a personality that has grown but not split. His end is inherent in his beginning, in his early apprehension of a Sacramental system and of an Object 'received in faith and love, which renders it reasonable to take probability as sufficient for internal conviction'. The logical (in Newman's meaning of the

¹ Some such re-assertion is profoundly necessary in education today, where, under the stimulus of that scientific temper of mind that so pervades our society, method has become so much the centre of the picture — to such an extent, in fact, as almost to usurp the end which the method is intended to subserve. Thus, for instance, in schools today one finds children spending an immense amount of time on the making of visual and material aids (wall-charts, card-board models, etc.) to an extent that almost obliterates the purposes which lie behind the practical work.

² Matthew Arnold is making a similar point when he states that '... for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control'.

term) fulfilment of this acceptance led to the act of 1845, and the consistency of the position he afterwards maintained.

It is his apprehension of life in terms of the Object that enables Newman to make his most fundamental criticisms of liberal rationalistic scepticism and therefore of the whole *zeitgeist* of the nineteenth century and its conception of the range and behaviour of the intellect. He saw in Benthamite scepticism a detachment of mind which failed to commit the whole being and thus lead to an inflation of self. In such an atmosphere 'conscience becomes what is called a moral sense; the command of duty is a sort of taste . . .' Hence the egotism, the self-assertion and self-esteem inherent in the humanistic intellectual culture of the times, where men accept their own human kind as their standard, where there is

nothing objective in their religion . . . they do not look out of themselves, because they do not look through and beyond their own minds to their Maker, but are engrossed in notions of what is due to themselves, to their own dignity and their own consistency.

In such a world 'sin is not an offence against God, but against human nature'; the process by which sin became reduced to the status of social misdemeanour was well under way in Newman's time; but he is one of the few to appreciate the significance of the move. He sums up his appreciation of the dangers of the 'civilized life' when he accuses his contemporaries of shutting themselves up in themselves: 'they are the victims of an intense self-contemplation'.

This concentration on self, then, constitutes for Newman the danger of the *uncommitted* intellect. It explains his criticism of the 'aggressive, capricious, untrustworthy intellect', for this was the intellect that saw life in terms of the subject and not of its object, that rested on the private judgment of the individual instead of contemplating the external world with due deference to a reality beyond the individual and the purely social. Such a position explains Newman's early conviction that

it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be;

a conviction of fierceness which he later modified but did not retract: The intellect, in fact, essential though its exercise was, must nevertheless observe due order. It could become a mere vehicle for human egotism unless controlled by a regard for its own proper ends and purposes.

It is, it seems to me, one of the virtues of Newman's position that it enables us to draw boundaries, make distinctions; we can see

objects in terms, not of our subjective impressions, but of their ends within a reassertion of a tradition which avoided, as well as might be at that time, that 'dissociation of sensibility' T. S. Eliot has characterized as occurring at the beginning of the seventeenth century. This insight enabled Newman to tackle the problem of the self in a way which bears comparison with the great European writers like Dostoevsky, Nietzsche and Ibsen; for he is perhaps the only Englishman of the nineteenth century to question the whole basis of contemporary 'civilization', and raise the deepest problems of the relationship of the individual ego to the external world. Even Arnold remained a liberal, though 'tempered by renunciation'; and his criticisms of contemporary society remain criticisms of manifestations rather than of assumptions. And Mill, despite his appreciation of Coleridge, remained too much within the tradition of the utilitarians to make any fundamental criticisms. Newman's understanding of the complexity of the mind led him to apprehend the necessary balance between self and not-self. His probings into the evils of the self-contemplating ego matches, though on an abstract plane, the implications of Ibsen's 'Troll, to thyself be enough', Dostoevsky's 'All things are lawful' and Nietzsche's rejection of the clown Socrates. Newman, of course, made his criticisms from within the dogmatic structure of the Catholic Church. Whereas the European thinkers had to reconstruct the whole basis of the moral world from their own selves and the wreckage of the European tradition, Newman could invoke the reassertion of a specific tradition. The difference between the two outlooks, indeed, explains the comparative neglect of Newman, outside Catholic circles.¹ For the European thinkers tackled the nineteenth-century dilemma with the century's own weapon, the unattached mind. In their case solutions are less stable but probe more deeply into the human psyche than did Newman. But their constructions are precarious, depending on the integrity of an individual mind unsupported by any external 'order'. Again, Newman hid his enlightenment, paradoxically enough, in a tradition that to the times stood for obscurantism. He owes his true liberality, perhaps, to the fact that he was a convert, that he stood at once inside and outside the tradition, that he had arrived at Catholic conclusions by processes that stood outside the Catholic purview. (And of course he was not always by any means *persona grata* with other members of the Church.) At Oriel in the 'twenties and 'thirties, the Noetics (as the liberal-minded fellows of the college were called) gave Newman a taste, unique in the Oxford of the day, of the liberalism that called all into question: 'There was a wholesome intellectual ferment maintained in the Oriel common-room of those

¹ This is perhaps the moment to point out that this appreciation of Newman is written by a non-Catholic.

days', reveals Mark Pattison, who proceeded to Oriel as a very raw undergraduate in 1830; and indeed, Pattison almost suggests that the tractarian reaction came as the 'indispensable, reactionary, and complementary phase' to the 'originality', the 'free discussion' of the Noetics. At the same time, Newman as a Catholic was sufficiently outside the Catholicism of the Cullens to avoid the narrowness that unintelligent dogmatism could produce. It was a combination of these facts that led the great opponent of liberalism to become the high advocate of Liberal Knowledge. And to the explanation of this apparent paradox we must now turn.

2

The liberalism that Newman fought so hard and that he analysed so mercilessly in an appendix to the later version of the *Apologia* has gained the day. Even within Newman's lifetime,

the Liberalism which gives a colour to society now, is very different from that character of thought which bore the name thirty or forty years ago. Now it is scarcely a party; it is the educated lay world.

It has produced the modern democratic community, 'worm-eaten with Liberalism' to employ Mr Eliot's phrase. With its triumph has been destroyed the type of education for which Newman fought. Knowledge as an end in itself — I will define the significance of this more fully later — has undergone a double challenge: that of knowledge for utility and that of knowledge for expression of self. Both, of course, may be said to emanate from the Baconian conception of Knowledge for Power. The increasing pragmatic emphasis in learning can be traced from Bacon through the Utilitarians and Brougham to Dewey and beyond. The implementation of Dewey's assertion that the 'educational process has two sides — one psychological and one sociological' leaves out of serious account that third term which stands between the individual and society, I refer to that organized body of human knowledge and values, independent of the social purposes of the moment, with which Newman was so much concerned. The collapse of the notion of an objective set of values has led to the enunciation of such theses as this from John Dewey: 'since education is not a means to living, but is identical with the operation of living a life which is fruitful and inherently significant, the only ultimate value which can be set up is just the process of living itself.' When Dewey writes that

with the advent of democracy and modern industrial conditions, it is impossible to foretell definitely just what civilization will be twenty years from now. Hence it is impossible to prepare the child for any precise set of conditions,

he is stating a truism that would hold for any type of civilization, however static; but because of the emphasis it receives in his thought, he becomes blind to the contrary terms in the situation which should counter-balance the notion of process and flux. Thus when Dewey proceeds to say that 'To prepare [the child] for the future life means to give him command of himself', he forgets that one can only gain command of oneself in certain terms, that the self is not automatic but needs to be ordered in relation to certain conceptions, values, notions of conduct which transcend the mere process of day to day living. Now the only criterion of such conceptions and values which Dewey has to offer is just that of society in its state of constant evolution. Hence if one pushes Dewey's ideas to any sort of conclusion education becomes impossible; because as one moment is never the same as the next, the education that would fit a child for one moment must give way to that which would fit him for the next and so on. Hence there is a complete paralysis of effort, and 'being' merges into the constant flux of 'becoming'.

In so far as it is possible to extract any sharply defined and clear ideas from the turgidity and looseness of Dewey's expression, they strike me as providing a logical evolution from nineteenth-century liberalism. The dissolution of the notion of belief in belief, the acceptance of only limited and restricted notions of proof, a wholesale scepticism about ideas other than those based on sensory appreciation leads to just that destruction of the world of values that Dewey's making the process of living the end of living implies.

Against the scepticism inherent in the liberal position Newman posits the mastery of 'becoming' by 'being'. And that mastery is not the mastery of power over 'becoming' but the mastery of transcendence. Newman is not ignorant, as we have seen, of the need for an essential 'becoming' on the part of the individual. Man is not born good, but in sin; and Newman stresses the force of Christ's remark 'Who hath ears to hear, let him hear'; he regards belief 'as a state of mind' for which 'a special preparation of mind may be necessary'—for belief generates belief. Hence the individual's capacity to reach certitude depends on his prior capacity to appreciate its necessity. This, of course, is quite consistent with the view of Christian responsibility. What has not to be forgotten, however, is that truth is something objective and can be achieved. And that truth contains a vast complex of elements; the achievement of a life in purely social terms, which is the purpose and aim of Dewey's system, is to Newman merely a by-product, not to be ignored but not to be over-stressed, in the attainment of an end which far transcends the claims of society.

It is significant that Newman should call his great educational work *The Idea of a University*; for such a title implies that the Idea

should guide the physical manifestation. He thus considers knowledge in terms of its end, in the Aristotelian manner. For Newman, the function of a university education lies in the training of the intellect:

This process of training, by which the intellect, instead of being formed or sacrificed to some particular or accidental purpose, some specific trade or profession, or study or science, is disciplined for its own sake, for the perception of its own proper object, and for its own highest culture, is called Liberal Education.

and again 'Truth of whatever kind is the proper object of the intellect'.

Now it is remarks of this kind that cause raising of eyebrows by modern educationalists. The idea that the intellect or any part of the mind could have an object other than that concerned with the social purposes of the day ('swimming with the stream', to use Arnold's phrase) is one that would be explicitly denied by many modern thinkers. But once accept Newman's premises, which, as we have seen, are bound up with a particular conception of human nature and which, in the terms within which they are expressed, no rationalist could in any case disprove, the rest follows quite naturally. The force of making the intellect have its own end comes in the denial that it is formed 'to some particular or accidental purpose'; and the idea of 'its own sake' must be read in conjunction with that denial of accidental social purpose. Even if one were to deny the whole set of Newman's assumptions, one could find no other set which would fit the evidences of Newman's understanding of the mind better; and such understanding, in that it springs from the concrete actualities of a particular mind, cannot be brushed aside. The only alternative is a scepticism based on individual denials of experience, one whose results can be seen in the comparative lack of richness in our conception of human personality over the last two hundred years (at least) and which leaves the dilemma of the ego unsolved. Behind Newman's notion lies the residue of mystery — *abeunt omnia in mysterium*; and no better solution to the problem of human ends has been found. Yet in saying this one must not forget that definition of the mystery which is theology and which Newman is concerned to insist on as *knowledge*.

At the same time it must be remembered that Newman did not deny the possible usefulness that would accrue from this training of the intellect; such utility might be incidental but it would be none the less real. To the Cullens of the Catholic world, who were so little concerned about the intellectual capacity of their priests, Newman maintained that he wanted 'the educated layman to be

religious and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual'. He was quite certain that the Church stood in no danger from the advancement of knowledge:

... if anything seems to be proved by astronomer, or geologist, or chronologist, or antiquarian, or ethnologist, in contradiction to the dogmas of faith, that point will eventually turn out, first, *not* to be proved, or, secondly not *contradictory*, or thirdly, not contradictory to anything *really revealed*, but to something which has been confused with Revelation.

Hence his desire 'to stand on good terms with all kinds of knowledge'; and hence his contention that, in scientific investigation

the investigator should be free, independent, unshackled in his movements; that he should be allowed . . . without impediment, to fix his mind intently, nay exclusively, on his special subject, without the risk of being distracted every other minute in the process and progress of his inquiry, by charges of temerariousness, or by warnings against extravagance or scandal.

It was for reasons of this sort that Newman is justified in his appellation 'Liberal Knowledge'. He takes all knowledge as his province, harmonizing the various claims of the sciences and arts in terms of their natures, of the ends they are intended to subserve. Those ends have, as it were, an incidental utility; yet this incidental utility is, in fact, more potentially powerful in the shaping of social action than modern 'education for life' would be. For the pragmatist tackles each problem as it arises; and he conceives it as it arises. He fails to realize that his very capacity to conceive it depends upon the anterior capacity to make the relevant distinctions which will appreciate a problem in its relational significance. A problem is not an abstract entity but an organic configuration with its affiliations to 'before' and 'after'. The capacity of the mind to see the 'problem', then, depends on the subtlety of its appreciation of the full structure of the problem and its relations.

It is for reasons such as these that one finds Newman's ability to conceive the significance of human knowledge in relation to the totality of life so much richer than that of most other nineteenth- and twentieth-century educationalists. A philosophy which accepts the 'process of living' as an end in itself must accept any and every manifestation of living, if it is to be at all consistent. In actual fact, Dewey depends on the anterior acceptance of much of the traditional morality of the times to save him from the moral and social anarchy endemic in his theories; but he shows little awareness of his assumption. Newman, on the other hand, by conceiving ends beyond the mere 'process' of life, can see the necessity of controlling any and

every manifestation of vitality in terms of those higher purposes.

Thus, when Newman sees a purpose to knowledge beyond that of mere utility, he serves the purpose of utility better than the utilitarians themselves do. One must admit his claim:

I say that a cultivated intellect, because it is a good in itself, brings with it a power and a grace to every work and occupation which it undertakes, and enables us to be more useful, and to a greater number.¹

Moreover, Newman's appreciation of the ends inherent in any organized science or body of knowledge enables him to make distinctions and discriminations between the capacities of the various subject bodies and their proper relevances in the world of fact and activity. Nothing is more distressing in the modern world than the way in which specialists within one field usurp the functions of specialists in other fields. At a popular level this manifests itself in the way in which popular figures of the day are willing to pronounce on any variety of subjects quite outside their trained capacity to do so. At a profounder stage, it is seen in encroachments of scientists on the province of the philosopher, encroachments of the sort that the late Susan Stebbing drew attention to in her book *Philosophy and the Physicists*, where she commented on the unfortunate pronouncements of Jeans and Eddington in fields in which they were not qualified to give opinions. A most serious usurpation can be seen at the present day in the manner in which political notions have invaded fields in which they are not relevant... the world of learning, for instance. Thus Dewey's denial of any hierarchy of values springs directly from his democratic presuppositions. As every man is the equal of every other man, at any rate in the political sense of one man one vote, the learning that any man acquires is as good as the learning that any other man obtains; at least this follows from the egalitarian democrat's assumption that it is the abstract uniqueness of the individual that matters, not what that individual makes of himself in concrete relationship to the external world, in which external world the province of human knowledge in all its phases plays a most important part. Newman himself shows how political and scientific notions have reduced God to the role of constitutional monarch; so that religion has become a matter of sentiment, and God 'but a function or correlation or subjective reflection and mental impression of each phenomenon of the material or moral world, as it flits by us', instead of an Object.

¹ And this despite those who deprecate the idea of transfer of training. For in assessing such transfer educationalists are mostly concerned with the *mechanics* of learning and not with that 'illumination', to use Newman's word, which can be derived from certain types of knowledge and which can be profitably transferred to light up another field of study.

It is because Newman saw that 'coalitions and comprehensions for an object have their life in the prosecution of that object and cease to have meaning as soon as that object is compromised or disparaged' that he is able to avoid those improper encroachments which spring ultimately from the arrogant usurpations of the subject. Newman apprehends the uniqueness of human personality as something over against, but given validity by, the living reality of God, the Object, not in the mere existence of man, the subject; and thus Newman's idea of integration, wholeness, to employ words that are so bandied about nowadays, was in terms of an objective reality, not in the mere expansion of a subject.

This naturally affects Newman's conception of the whole circle of human knowledge, which exists as at once an objective challenge and a temptation to man. For knowledge must keep its own bounds, like anything else; and the threat of civilized knowledge lay in the emanation of the secularized humanized gentleman, with the inadequacy of make up that Newman so acutely analyses. Nevertheless, divine knowledge, as Newman realized, 'depended' on human knowledge; just as human knowledge depended for its right ordering on that of the divine. It is one of Newman's most acute appreciations that, 'you will soon break up into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge if you begin the mutilation with divine'. Divine knowledge was the keystone to the arch; to it all the others were bound and it kept all the others in their rightful positions. Newman's conception of human knowledge is at once of fruitful interpenetration and of careful discrimination. He conceives the university as being concerned with universal knowledge, a meaning of the term which historical investigation has not born out; but his Idea, of course, is not invalidated because of an historical inaccuracy; it merely dissociates itself from any particular university and becomes instead an Apology for Universal Knowledge.

This universal knowledge, then, is an objective entity apart from the realizing subject; and Newman's integrations take place in terms of that object. Modern attempts at integration almost always take place in terms of the subject; so that 'total education', Mr M. L. Jacks exuberantly proclaims, will have as its immediate aims the 'providing the whole child with a wholly satisfying life the whole of its time, at making each school day an intelligible and significant whole, in which all needs, physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual, will be wholly met and integrated'. Perhaps comment may be excused. Wholeness in such terms, of course, is almost meaningless; the problem of evil disappears, and criteria by which the 'wholeness' could be judged are non-existent. The quotation is only interesting as showing the fantastic lengths to which modern subjectivism can go.

Newman realized that all sciences are abstractions, and that all

are subject to 'that imperfection, which ever must attend the abstract when it would determine the concrete'. Hence it is necessary to insist that

all the sciences come to us as one, that they all relate to one and the same subject-matter, that each separately is more or less an abstraction, wholly true as an hypothesis, but not wholly trustworthy in the concrete...needing the support and guarantee of its sister sciences, and giving in turn while it takes.

This arises, of course, from Newman's belief that 'the universe in its length and breadth is so intimately knit together, that we cannot separate off portion from portion, and operation from operation, except by a mental abstraction'.

Thus all sciences at once 'need and subserve each other'. Each science is an abstraction that goes to make up some part of the concrete whole; each science needs the rest to complete the picture of that whole; and finally

it is not every science which equally, nor any one which fully, enlightens the mind in the knowledge of things as they are, or brings home to it the external object on which it wishes to gaze. Thus they differ in importance.

Thus the subject, the viewing mind

advances towards the accurate apprehension of [the objective truth] in proportion to the number of sciences which it has mastered; and which, when certain sciences are away, in such a case has but a defective apprehension, in proportion to the value of the sciences which are thus wanting, and the importance of the field on which they are employed.

The onus of making the effort to grapple with the external world, which exists as a concrete fact in the totality of sciences, is thrust upon the subject; and Newman's education, for all its appreciation of a hierarchy of value, is an education of acceptance and humility. It is an education, not in terms of a subjective 'need', but in terms of an objective necessity. There is, he says

no true culture without acquirements, and...philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading or a wide range of information, to warrant us putting forth our opinions on any serious subject.

Hence it is necessary to accept the findings of those who have gone before with a certain degree of humility; those who rely on their own resources may gain popularity for a time, but their readers

'will find in the long run that [their] doctrines are mere theories . . . that they are chaff instead of bread' and they will be rejected.¹ Hence, too, in Newman's scheme, the acquiring of knowledge requires effort, effort in the acquiring of the 'object':

We know, not by a direct and simple vision, not at a glance but, as it were, by piecemeal and accumulation, by a mental process, by going round an object, by the comparison, the combination, the mutual correction, the continual adaptation of many partial notions, by the joint application and concentration upon it of many faculties and exercises of the mind.

In contradistinction to many subjectivist modern notions of the 'spontaneous' he stresses the need for training: 'the eye of the mind, of which the object is truth, is the work of discipline and habit.' At the same time, he realizes how vital it is that the mind shall co-operate in the undertaking, so that in the phrase of Coleridge there shall be a genuine coalescence of subject and object:

The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it.

Information, collections of facts are not education; what is needed is the action of a 'formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements'. Thus education implied the 'making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own . . . There is no enlargement, unless there is a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them . . . It is not a mere addition to our knowledge which is the illumination'. And he sternly combats the modern error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects.

Newman, then, accepts the best feature of modern educational thought by conceiving the mind as an activity and by rejecting the acquisition of facts *as such* as in any way constituting a valid education. But he realizes that the mind can only develop if it works on substance of value outside itself. Thus he avoids that emphasis on the inner which mars the psychology of Froebel and which so many modern educationalists have adopted. Again his conception of

¹ That, of course, does not prevent the acceptance of many false prophets — inevitably in a society in which, as Newman said of his own day ' . . . authority, prescription, tradition, habit, moral instinct and the divine influences go for nothing, in which patience of thought, and depth and consistency of view, are scorned as subtle and scholastic, in which free discussion and fallible judgment are prized as the birthright of each individual'. One need not be so forthright in disparaging free discussion to see the force of Newman's criticism.

objects transcends the social purposes of the day, and thus places aims of social utility in their right perspective; indeed, he enriches our apprehension of such aims by enabling us to see them in a perspective which transcends their incidence and context.

Thus Newman remains the critic of those who would counter the Gradgrind approach by the doctrines of self-expression or social purpose. He is with them to the extent of condemning the acquisition of unrelated fact; he criticizes nineteenth-century education because 'all things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing and then another, not one well but many badly', and condemns the 'dissipation of mind' that goes with the senseless proliferation of reading matter, as if the population were 'to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes'. But when he condemns the idea that 'learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil', he hits in anticipation at a radical defect in the modern movement. For the implementation of his own positive educational standards arose out of the reassertion of the European tradition of learning and the resuscitation of the life inherent in the objective enterprise of learning, as against that collapse of the tradition which is implied in the modern finding of objects worthy of pursuit, either within the self or inside the impoverished social processes of the day.¹ Newman's assertion that 'knowledge . . . is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining it', within the framework of the conceptions of knowledge and expansion of mind we have here examined, never needed more insisting on than it does today. For if knowledge has its temptation in that, 'viewed as Knowledge, [it] exerts a subtle influence in throwing us back upon ourselves, and making us our own centre, and our minds the measure of all things', at least an intellectual cultivation, which implies training and law of a kind, is one road by which we can escape the dangers of 'passion and self-will'. In an age which has seen so much of that egocentricity which emanates from making man the measure of all things, the theocentricity of Newman's system, combined with the subtlety of his inner psychological appreciation deserves more of a hearing than it gets. In the terms in which he expresses it, the tradition he urges is seen still to have the possibilities of life despite what three centuries of 'private judgment'

¹ Thus educationalists, today, exalt either self-expression or, more recently, group techniques of learning. The former finds its purpose in the 'needs' of the individual, the latter in the 'needs' of society — 'getting on together' and such-like aims. In both cases, the end has tended to become something other than learning itself, despite the fact that to assess the 'needs' of either the individual or society a great deal of what Newman calls 'philosophy' or 'illumination' is essential; and this 'illumination' can only be acquired through the type of learning Newman is concerned to recommend.

have produced. For Newman replaced the negative scepticism of liberalism by a positive conception of a Liberal Knowledge which, even for the Protestant, is valid because it transcends the possible and actual narrowness of the dogmatic system within which the notion was conceived. More than anything else in education today, we need the reassertion of a tradition of objective value that will transcend the individual and social purposes of man. It is not necessary to have accepted the Catholic dogmatic system before one can see that Newman has pointed a way.

THE IMPACT OF RUSSIA ON THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC

LIONEL KOCHAN

1

THE advent of Titoism together with the possibility of a similar situation emerging in China have made the theory of national-communism, i.e. non-Russian communism, a matter of some interest. What has however not received the same attention is the theory of national-bolshevism, i.e. an adaptation to national conditions of Russian bolshevism without the ultimate aim of creating a communist state. So far, it appears, although it may very well be possible to compare certain features of Russian life with similar features elsewhere, the only country where this phenomenon has made its appearance, in however unsystematic a form, is Germany. D. H. Lawrence was perhaps not guilty of gross exaggeration in writing, after a visit to Germany in 1924: '... the great leaning of the Germanic spirit is once more Eastwards, towards Russia, towards Tartary. The strange vortex of Tartary has become the positive centre again, the positivity of western Europe is broken.'

In its broadest and simplest terms, German national-bolshevism was an ideological bridge linking radical nationalist groups in Germany with the Russian left. The two proletarian nations, Russia and Germany, would unite to crush the decaying capitalism and liberalism of the western world. The Treaty of Rapallo (1922) whereby Russia placed herself alongside Germany on an anti-Versailles platform, gave political substance to this conception. The two have-not nations, the 'two pariahs of Europe', as Lloyd George called Russia and Germany at this time, found themselves in opposition to the then overwhelming influence of Britain and France in Europe. That this political grouping emerged for reasons of political expediency is irrelevant to the political impact of the Treaty in Germany.

A second element in the background is the curious reversal of position in the post-1918 relative status of Germany and Russia. In the previous century it was the latter that had gone from defeat to defeat—in the Crimean War, the Russo-Japanese war and finally the Great War—whereas the former had been consistently successful. This contrast to the German advantage changed to the German disadvantage after 1918. The Germans were defeated but the bolsheviks were not. The revolution itself was a comparatively bloodless affair. The real test for the bolsheviks came in 1918-19 and they emerged triumphant from the struggle.

This was 'their finest hour'. Even at the nadir of bolshevik power — at Brest-Litovsk — there was an unmistakable contrast between the defiant bearing of Trotsky in defeat and the timid bearing of Erzberger at the armistice negotiations with the Allies. Trotsky felt that history was on *his* side. However dark the immediate future, the further prospect was immaculately bright. The oft-apostrophized spirit of history would not let *him* down. The future belonged not to the generals and diplomats of imperialism but to the vast, anonymous forces of international communism. And though Trotsky was wrong on the international scale, he was right on the national, Russian scale. But he was only right because of the exertions of the bolsheviks themselves. Only by victory did they assert their right to power. Although Trotsky believed in the operation of historical forces, he also believed in keeping his powder dry. It was this mass effort, this successful holding on to power that so deeply impressed a section of German opinion. It was an expression of the admiration for success *per se*.

The third reason to heighten German susceptibility to the Eastern impact arose from the nature of the Weimar Republic. It was never a firmly rooted structure, and it was born of defeat. It had never been fought for and it could evoke no pride. Rathenau once said that it denoted not an *Umsturz* but a *Zusammensturz*, not an overthrow but a collapse. The petty intermittent squabble over the flag was symptomatic — should it be the black-white-red of the Empire or the black-red-gold of 1848? In the attitudes to such external paraphernalia personal sympathies were expressed. In short, the German November-revolution created no myth.

By the same token, the democratic values formally enshrined in the Weimar Constitution no longer obtained. They existed in an intellectual void. The criticism to which democracy with its intellectual corollary of the autonomous, self-sufficient, freedom-loving individual in a world of stable moral values was subjected in Germany, was more violent than elsewhere. To defeat was added inflation and then depression. The cumulative impact of these phenomena, individually severe enough, tore asunder the whole fabric of German society. The result, intellectually, was reflected in a thorough-going relativism or, alternatively, the denial of the validity of all previous claims to certainty. This position was a characteristic of three such different thinkers as Spengler, Karl Mannheim and Max Scheler. Ultimately, relativism not only deprived man of a self-assured place in the world but also placed him in a world without meaning. Both from himself and from the universe man was alienated.¹

¹ According to Spengler cultures develop in 'a sublime pointlessness, like the flowers of the field . . . every thought lives in a historical world, thereby sharing

To a large extent this was the result of the consistent development and refinement of the original Marxist relativist critique of knowledge. In Russia itself on the other hand, the fate of Marxism has shown that not only men but also doctrines are corrupted by power. For the effect of basing the state on Marxism has been to entail the doctrine's stultification. Whereas, in the rest of the world, it was the relativist aspects of Marxism that triumphed, in Russia the dogmatic elements came to the front. No original developments are permitted. In their stead, millions and millions of copies of the Marxist classics are distributed — a proceeding which, however estimable in itself — is no substitute for original thought.

There is, as a result, not the slightest comparison between the rich intellectual life of the Weimar Republic and the arid desert of Soviet culture. For the first and only time in its history Berlin became a cultural centre comparable to Paris or London, whereas Moscow and Leningrad, once the homes of a speculative intelligentsia, have dwindled into the headquarters of a mass-civilization.

On the other hand the Soviet system had the advantages of its vices. It confronted the world with a fixed, immutable body of 'truth'. In the special case of Germany, a country where the disintegration of western values had gone farthest, where there was no certainty, it provided a rock of stability in a changing world. In a distorted form bolshevist ideas flowed into Germany to fill the vacuum caused by the disintegration of values associated with the West.

The background of the Russo-German psychological relationship was then compounded of the admiration for power, of the political consequences of the utility of Rapallo and finally of the solidity of bolshevism by contrast with the fluidity of the west.

2

It would be natural to expect that the bolshevik impact was at its most intense when the Weimar Republic was at its weakest; and

in the universal fate of transitoriness . . . There are no eternal truths. Every philosophy is an expression of its own time and only of its own time, and there are no two ages which possess the same philosophical intentions' (*Der Untergang des Abendlandes*). According to Mannheim '... every former intellectual certainty has rested upon partial points of view made absolute. It is characteristic of the present time that the limits of these partial points of view should have become obvious' (*Ideology and Utopia*). According to Scheler, 'for the first time in the history of so-called modernity our age allows us, on account of the enormous increased comparative possibilities of the systems of knowledge and the forms of perception of all peoples and all epochs, and no less by virtue of profound upheavals in almost all the bases of the modern world-picture, full and sovereign freedom, as well as sufficient distance, to venture a new word on the developmental laws of human knowledge and its forms' (*Die Wissensformen und die Gesellschaft*).

there are in fact two clearly distinguishable national-bolshevik waves — from 1919 to the early 1920s and from 1930 to the Nazi seizure of power. Admiration for Russia as a system of order, amidst a Europe and a Germany in chaos, dates from 1919. Professor Eltzbacher referred with gusto to Trotsky's famous appeal of March 1918: 'Work, discipline, order will save the Socialist Soviet Republic.' Eltzbacher himself adds — 'bolshevism fully understands the fact that the State is compulsion.'¹ Something of the same mood was expressed by Ernst v. Salomon, the chronicler of the Freikorps, in his semi-autobiographical *Die Geächteten* (1930). While fighting in the Baltic against the bolsheviks, he felt that behind him lay the old and decrepit but that

over there a glowing force, a fanatic will, a divine possession, a single faith dominated the front, and kept together with an iron hand the fleeing hordes of soldiers and peasants, giving the forlorn a mission, making the ragged into heroes, the abandoned into conquerors and chasing a whole people to the defence of their frontiers. But we were stragglers, no people gave us orders, no symbols meant anything to us. We were lying here in the crackling darkness... and Germany lay behind us somewhere in the gloom... (Whilst) over there in the mysterious blackness standing against us was concealed an unknown shapeless power which we half admired and half hated.

'The unknown shapeless power' was not communism. It was Russia, or rather Russia in a national-communist guise. The young Dr. Goebbels, in the 'twenties a type similar to v. Salomon, once wrote in the *Völkischer Beobachter* (1925):

I do not intend to chime in with the choruses of bourgeois liars and ignoramuses. Russia and Russian bolshevism are not on the brink of collapse but it is not because it is Marxist and international that the Russian system endures but because it is national and because it is Russian. No Tsar has ever grasped the Russian people in their depths, in their passion, in their national instincts as did Lenin. The German communist sees in Russia the germ-cell of a Marxist World state, whereas it is in reality only the germ-cell of a new Russo-national articulation of all the countries of the world. Lenin sacrificed Marx and in return gave Russia freedom.

It was not long before Dostoyevsky was drawn into this. The process was a natural development. In Weimar Germany the most popular Russian authors were Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. Writers

¹ P. ELTZBACHER, *Der Bolschewismus und die deutsche Zukunft*, Jena 1919.

such as Chekhov and Turgenev were cold-shouldered. What could they offer? A little sentimental humanitarianism, a little luke-warm philanthropy. They were too western. But Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky were extremists and absolutists and had something of immediate import to say. They wrote with passion, staking in art, as in life, their whole personality behind their work. In both cases they were anti-individualistic, anti-bourgeois and anti-western.

Thus Karl Nötzel, a literary critic, writes that 'the overwhelming influence' of Russian literature in post-war Germany is founded on

the repugnance of western man at barren rationalism, which can give nothing to the soul and has therein revealed before the whole world its complete bankruptcy . . . From the East we receive quite a new susceptibility, quite a fresh interest for concepts, which already long ago had become here empty outlines, mere conventions.

The model of Dostoyevsky's anti-westernism was explicitly copied by Moeller van den Bruck in his *Rechenschaft über Russland* in order to combat liberal ideas.

With the onset of the great depression in 1929, whose economic and social effects were more profound in Germany than elsewhere, all these pro-Russian currents ran faster and deeper. This was all the more so for the depression overlapped with the inception of the first Five Year Plan in Russia. The contrast was indeed striking. It might have been arranged as a model demonstration in the respective virtues of socialism and capitalism. On the one hand, there stood the whole western world, and especially Germany, in the pitiless, inhuman, uncontrollable grip of economic forces causing unemployment, hunger and despair. On the other hand, there stood Russia — with no unemployment or depression but, on the contrary, bending her national resources to a dramatic task of reconstruction, renewal and modernization.

This contrast is crude and over-simplified of course. Capitalism did not founder in chaos; and socialism, via the first Five Year plan, involved for example such upheavals as the expropriation of several millions of kulaks and their exile to the northern labour camps. Even so, taking it at its very lowest, the Plan at least showed that Russia was going somewhere. There was method in her madness. Russia was not burning crops, throwing fish back into the sea and so forth. In this sort of madness there was no method.

Against this background the new wave of pro-Russian sympathy in Germany had a despairing, apocalyptic tone. It was to some extent foreshadowed in the fate of Alfred Seidel, a student, who committed suicide in 1924 at the age of twenty-nine. Though steeped in European thought he felt that its day was done:

The dethronement of absolute ideas by the affirmation and acceptance of realities — whether they be called, on the one hand, life, power, sexual instinct, or nation and class on the other — is the sign of the dissolution of a civilization. The tension between idea and reality is removed, reality itself is raised to the level of an idea. . . .

His writings show Seidel to have been a resolute philosophical opponent of Marx. Nevertheless he looked on the bolsheviks as the unspoilt 'noble savages', *à la* Rousseau, who would sweep away a decadent, effete Europe. In a fragment entitled *A Nihilistic Vision of the Collapse of Humanity* Seidel wrote that the sooner the collapse comes the better

as long as somehow or other the remains of former cultures are not wholly crushed by the accursed late western civilizations and especially as long as the only possible site of a culture that has not yet run its course, the Russian-Siberian, is not nipped in the bud. That was the profound meaning of world revolution — the destruction of the west for the sake of the unfolding of the deeply rooted and thereby fervent-chilist culture of Russia-Siberia.¹

No less radical was the approach of various of the ideologists of national-bolshevism who now came into greater prominence. Their rallying-point was the journal *Der Widerstand*, edited by Ernst Niekisch. It bore the symbol of the Prussian eagle, flanked by a hammer, sickle and sword. The journal is said to have reached the apogee of its influence in 1930-32. In May 1930 it published its manifesto, undoubtedly the national-bolshevik *pièce de résistance*. The salient points were an attack on urban life, individualism, marxism, democracy, the bourgeois economy and all the ideas allegedly represented by 1789.

Russian bolshevism (on the other hand) is so far the most radical revolt against the ideas of 1789. Russia is not democratic, not individualist and not civilisatory (zivilisatorisch). Bolshevism denotes a turning away from humanism and from civilisatory values. This turning away, often externally coloured by western forms, cannot disguise its barbaro-asiatic content. Germany rejects bolshevism. She will evolve for herself her special vital form in opposition to the ideas of 1789. But she can only develop this special vital form, vis-à-vis the superior power of the victors, if she stands back to back with Russia, the most radical enemy of the ideas of 1789.

¹ ALFRED SEIDEL, *Bewusstsein als Verhängnis*.

Into the same framework fits the work of a Catholic Wilhelm v. Schramm, *Radikale Politik* (Munich/Leipzig 1932). The author sees Bolshevism as a resuscitation in different terms of medieval Catholicism. In the first place, writes Schramm, bolshevism is the denial of the liberal values of the nineteenth century. It has evolved a *Kollektivmensch* to confront the individualistic man of western Europe. The shock brigades and partisan groups of young communists are the Russian equivalent of the *Ritterorden* of the Middle Ages. Similarly, the industrialization of Russia under the leadership of the young communist groups, is the equivalent of the Christianization practised by the *Ritterorden*. As far as intellectual liberty is concerned, this exists no more in Russia than in the Middle Ages. In both cases, society itself is the repository of truth to which philosophy, art, etc., must be subordinated. Individual liberty as an end in itself receives equally short shrift, or rather, true freedom is only achieved by accepting the transcendental discipline of the collectivity. 'In the community, the collective, one ceases to exist as an individual in order to be resurrected as Christian or communist, refreshed, purified, raised above oneself and permeated with the forces of the whole community.' In a word, 'all bear a national responsibility... bolshevism has probably for the first time in modern history again shown an example of new unity and unconditional conformity, an impressive model of fulfilment of duty, and readiness for sacrifice for the sake of the Socialist Fatherland — in this respect one can only learn from it'.

Written from a non-Catholic standpoint, a work by Klaus Mehnert — *Youth in Soviet Russia* — was as significant. This is all the more so in view of the author's background. He was born in Moscow in 1906 of a German family that had long been settled in Russia. Mehnert's scholarship may be taken for granted, for at the age of twenty-six he became secretary of the Society for the Study of Eastern Europe under Professor Otto Hoetzsch, the foremost German expert on Russia.

Mehnert's pull, given his background, would, one may reasonably suppose, in any case have been eastwards. Even so, the intensity of pro-Russian feeling expressed in *Youth in Soviet Russia* is surprising. The actual argument may be summarized in a sentence: Russia was the one country in the world where the state was the possession of the whole population and especially of the younger generation. But in order to convey the full, peculiar flavour of *Youth in Soviet Russia* it is necessary to embellish this bald thesis with extensive extracts from the book itself:

Russia represents the most determined attempt to formulate a new economic social and personal life, while we are still

floundering in the liquidation of the old . . . The sense of being responsible for the future of the State is a striking characteristic of a great number of the new Russian students. They feel the State to be their own. The Russian Revolution has popularized among millions something for which we in Germany are apparently almost hopelessly struggling: The consciousness in every single person that he is a responsible part of the whole, a worker and fighter in the great army of the nation . . . Of everything that we have in Germany . . . the Army is the first to offer points of comparison with the lines along which Russian life is developing . . . That towards which we in Europe are only slowly and very hesitantly developing — the community comes first — not the individual — was raised to a self-understood postulate in Russia with the Revolution. The man or woman is no more than a responsible part of the whole . . . From a certain point of view the new Soviet aristocracy (Party and State officials, artists, students, experts, technicians) recalls the corps of officers and the official class in pre-war Germany. Proximity to the throne gave the corps of officers its peculiar position. Every officer wore the King's uniform. In the same way, the Russian élite, through the agency of the Party, stands in direct association with the government of the state, with the Central authority of World Revolution . . . While at home millions of young people, without work, without prospects for the future, feeling that they were superfluous, were being driven into the struggle against the State and the existing order of things, the leaders of bolshevism here succeeded in winning precisely youth more strongly than any other for their side . . . It is precisely the best who are demanding the incorporation of the individual in the Whole . . . With us the number of these who, without denying their bourgeois origin . . . are ready to build up the future shoulder to shoulder with the proletariat is constantly growing.

Mehnert's contention that Russian collective life resembled a military institution in its insistence on co-operation, hierarchy and the welfare of the totality finds confirmation and approval in the views expressed by another visitor to Russia — General Blomberg. He told Rauschnig in the early 1930s:

We must go with the masses . . . I have seen in Russia what can be got out of the masses. I was not far short of coming home a complete bolshevik. Anyhow that trip turned me into a national-socialist. That may seem incomprehensible to you but you ought to see what they do for their army over there . . . The people are all enthusiastic about their defence forces . . .

Every proletarian regards the army as his personal affair, and he is proud of it. That's what we want. We mustn't have it said again that we are out of touch with the people. Our officers must no longer be aloof. Officers must cease to be representative of a particular class. They must represent the whole nation. Prussian socialism . . . I like the expression.¹

If a generalized abstract is made of the views of the national-bolsheviks, one fact emerges, though it is rarely formulated in explicit terms — what was seen in Russia and recommended to Germany was a state of affairs where socialism — in the form of enabling the mass of the population to participate in the work of government in its widest sense — and nationalism — in the form of a strong state — had united to form of the nation a collective whole. The nearest approach perhaps to an explicit formulation of this position is contained in *Das Ende des Kapitalismus* (Jena 1931) by Ferdinand Fried, one of the *Widerstand* circle. Here the nationalist Lassalle, on account of his negotiations with Bismarck in the 1860s, is rated a greater socialist than the internationalist Marx. However crudely and unsystematically the German national-bolsheviks expressed themselves it is clear that, animated by the Russian model, they represented a further example of the development which in the view of two such different historians as Mr E. H. Carr and Professor Toynbee may well show itself to be the prevailing one of our time. Professor Toynbee has written for example:

... if Russia has moved 'to the right' her neighbours have moved 'to the left'. Not only the flash-in-the-pan of German national-socialism and Italian fascism but the apparently irresistible encroachment of planning on the once unregimented economies of the democratic countries suggest that the social structure of all countries in the near future is likely to be both national and socialist . . . it may well be that capitalism and communism . . . are becoming different names for very much the same thing.²

¹ HERMANN RAUSCHNING, *Men of Chaos*.

² A. TOYNBEE, *A Survey of History*, p. 400. ed. Somervell Oxford 1946. For Mr E. H. Carr's views see *Nationalism and After* (1945) and *Studies in Revolution* (1950).

ABRAHAM TUCKER AND THE JOINT STOCK UNIVERSE

MEYRICK H. CARRÉ

IN the year 1756 a placid country gentleman, residing at Betchworth Castle near Dorking in the county of Surrey, set his hand to a treatise on religion and morality. Amid the affluent leisure of his days the sheets quietly accumulated on his desk, the writer's thoughts spread and sauntered and the work swelled to immoderate dimensions. Month by month, year by year, he wrote on, purely indifferent to the judgment of scholars and the approbation of the public. He wrote to satisfy himself. At length in 1765 four volumes of the prodigious work were published under the classic title the *Light of Nature Pursued*. The persevering old gentleman did not live to see the remainder of his gigantic performance in print. A further three volumes appeared a few years after his death. The author was announced to be Edward Search; the pseudonym modestly concealed the identity of Abraham Tucker.

The scale of the complete work was formidable and a few readers even in that ample age were drawn to pursue the gleam through seven octavo volumes. Professional philosophers in succeeding generations cautiously allowed the author some merits as a thinker, but they protested at the quantity of his matter. Dugald Stewart found the book rambling, verbose and excursive, and Sir James Mackintosh, while he considered that parts of it were interesting and even amusing, declared the reading of it to be a labour. The writer had paid too little regard to his readers to curb his prolixity, repetition, and egotism; his work grew to such a length that in the latter chapters he forgot what he had written in the earlier. More recent critics have echoed these complaints. The historian of English thought in the eighteenth century, Sir Leslie Stephen, admired the mixture of shrewdness and kindness that shows itself in every page of Tucker's book, but he suspected that nine readers out of ten are probably repelled by the boundless garrulity of this philosophical gossip. Yet early in its obscure career the vast book had gained the warm attachment of two men, distinguished in widely different ways in the history of literature. The celebrated William Paley in the preface of his *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* admitted that Tucker's matter was spread over too much surface, but declared that he himself had found in this writer more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects that he had taken in hand than in any other, not to say in all others put together. This

was high commendation and Paley became the channel by which Tucker's ideas passed into the main stream of English reflection. In the generation after Paley a more lively admirer came forward, William Hazlitt. In the first days of his literary career he undertook, with the warm encouragement of Coleridge, an abridgement of the *Light of Nature*, and the shortened version was published in two volumes in 1807. Hazlitt in his introduction compares the seven volumes of the original treatise to those of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*; they are left unread. But he perceived in the work valuable refutations of the material theories that were rife in English philosophy.

These representative opinions on the *Light of Nature Pursued* are scarcely inviting. It is true that some authorities who voice their grievance at its mammoth bulk add tributes of respect to its intellectual force. The late Professor W. R. Sorley in his *History of English Philosophy* dares to assert that only Tucker's diffuseness has prevented him from becoming a classic. A reader would be unlucky, he thinks, who could spend half-an-hour over the pages of the book without finding something to arrest his attention and even to enthrall his interest. In truth the curious reader is quickly attracted to explore wider tracts of these volumes. He will not pay them the attention due to other contemporary writings on philosophy, like those of Reid, Adam Smith and Price. Yet scattered through the stretches of pleasant discussion he will light on many entertaining and striking ideas. In Tucker's book is to be found an early statement of the utilitarian system of beliefs that dominated the earlier portion of the nineteenth century in England. The title recalls the controlling principle of the silver age and it is chiefly as a mirror of classical ideas concerning human nature, moral beliefs and theological notions that the *Light of Nature* is valuable.

And to these claims to consideration may be added its literary charm. Many previous commentators have found pleasure in the geniality of its style. In the words of the first reviewer of the book, Tucker is a writer, 'who by blending the airy and the abstruse, hath very successfully endeavoured to shew the contemplative that it is possible to be serious without being solemn, to pursue invention without injury to truth, and give a loose to our imagination without giving up to understanding.' Tucker is never pompous, obscure or sentimental; his manner is clear and easy; and at moments he gives rein to whimsical and even fantastic flights of imagination. The long chapter entitled the *Vision* in the second part is the most extraordinary and the most sustained example of his facility in metaphysical fancy, but there are shorter passages of delightful caprice. Tucker's facility in picturesque writing has been overlooked by critics of the literature in this period. There are utterances also of tenderness and

pathos that deserve to be better known. All who have written on the work have remarked on his admirable way of illustrating his points. Hazlitt, for example, refers to his faculty of applying theoretical discussions to familiar objects and common events. Almost every chapter in the earlier sections provides instances of this skill. The simple exercise of perception is shown in the person of Miss Gawky lolling out of the window watching the coaches going by, a woman wheeling potatoes in a barrow, and a butcher's apprentice with a dog carrying an empty tray before him. The subtle influence of motives upon reason is compared to a juggling shopkeeper who slides his little finger slyly along one side of the beam, and by pressing upon it, makes twelve ounces of plums draw up a pound of lead. The Epicurean doctrine that all pleasures are equal in degree is said to affirm that a man finds as complete satisfaction in pulling up the heel of his slipper in the morning as he does in recovering his only child that had been stolen away last week by a gipsy. The most trifling occurrences of every day are seized upon to illuminate a principle, and the principle stands more firmly on the earth by virtue of its vulgar application.

This familiar mode of writing gives life and charm to the discourse. There is an absence of ceremony, of the formal conventions of philosophical inquiry that disarms the reader and carries him gently forward; the fabric of theory is attached to the circumstances of daily existence. Tucker seldom raises his eyes from his window to the stirring events of the period. We hear little of the great campaigns in Canada and India, nothing of Pitt or Clive or Wolfe. But there are touches of contemporary life in London and in Surrey, people flocking to the Haymarket and the Foundling Hospital to hear Handel play, a hackney-coach jammed between carts in the crowded streets, country games and the enthusiasm of the Methodists. The illustrations become fewer as we proceed into the wider regions of the universe. But the writing never becomes inflated; it remains lucid, kindly and civilized.

Before I attempt to describe the main features of the remarkable system of doctrine that is unfolded with infinite deliberation in the *Light of Nature Pursued* I will glance at some of the influences that directed Tucker's ideas. In the introduction he describes the purpose of his inquiry. He proposes to explore religion and morality by the exercise of reason (I, xl).¹ And reason is the method of Locke. He it is who has contributed not a little to knowledge by pointing out the sources from which it must be derived, and by 'clearing away that incumbrance of innate ideas, real essences, and such like rubbish, that obstructed the researches of the studious formerly' (I, xliv). The

¹ All references to the *Light of Nature* are to the second edition, 7 volumes, London, 1805.

commanding philosophical authority was the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, and in mental as well as in natural philosophy the 'experimental' way was 'now universally preferred before the hypothetic' (I, I). The hypothetic embraced a generous diversity of doctrines; it swept together the teaching of the schoolmen, the Platonists and the Cartesians. The *Essay* had destroyed all these airy speculations; it had shown that the abstract must be learned from the concrete and that our notions are drawn from sensible impressions. The criticisms that had been brought against the coherence and sufficiency of its account of knowledge in the earlier years of the century had been ineffectual and the startling inferences that had been derived from its premises by Berkeley were viewed as diverting aberrations. In a pamphlet of 1763 entitled *Man in Quest of Himself*, Tucker had expressed the common opinion of Berkeley's philosophy. He takes him to assert that when everybody goes out of the room, the tables, the chairs, the pictures they left behind become instantly annihilated; and upon the company's return become as instantly re-existent. Similar pictures of the Bishop of Cloyne's ingenious sophistry occur in the *Light of Nature*. It was the accepted view.

The theories of one other investigator enter largely into the construction of Tucker's huge building. Hartley's *Observations on Man* had appeared in 1749, and was the most widely discussed philosophical work of the period. Tucker's physiological excursions and his account of the mechanism of association and 'translation', are drawn from Hartley. When Coleridge engaged to write an introduction to the book for Hazlitt he proposed to describe Hartley's system which he considered to be assumed in it. And Priestly in the *Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity Illustrated* (1777) cites Tucker as a supporter of Hartley. A principal theme of his work, however, is a criticism of the materialist tendencies of Hartley's theory. He expounds as we shall see, a strange animism, for which he is indebted to Cudworth and ultimately to Descartes.

The modern reader of the *Light of Nature* is struck by the absence of one celebrated name from the discussion. There is no word of Hume. But rational sentiment at the time when Tucker was writing had not yet become seriously affected by the researches of Hume. Polite readers had heard of the sceptical conclusions of the *Treatise* and the *Enquiry*. The essay on miracles had acquired considerable notoriety. But the essay had been refuted by Dr. Rutherford, and the scepticism had been ignored. When a monthly journal in 1757 remarked that there were few modern writers whose works were so generally read, it was not referring to the analysis of the notion of cause in the *Treatise*; it was referring to the essays on politics and on taste and to the earlier volumes of the *History of England*. We find

scarcely any close criticism of Hume in English before Reid's *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, published in 1785.

The shadows of other thinkers of the period fall across the pages of the *Light of Nature*. Strands of Shaftesbury and of Hutcheson may be detected; there are references to Mandeville and Wollaston. But the decisive influence is that of Locke. The psychological descriptions of the second book of the *Essay* furnish the pattern of the earlier chapters on human nature. The division of the mind into two principal faculties, thought and will, the view that in perception and even in judgment the mind is passive and receptive, the construction of belief from outer and inner impressions, and the account of memory, are taken from the teaching of the master. The purpose, however of the book is not to defend a system of knowledge. Its aim is to survey the principles of morality and to relate them to a rational theology, and Tucker is more concerned with the springs of action than with the sources of understanding. Even here the description of motives and the theory of right conduct owe much to the writings of Locke. Yet he introduces variations on the Lockean themes. Nature, he says, has furnished him with a microscope and he asks to be allowed to use his little talent in pursuing minute discoveries that are overlooked by persons of larger views. There are passages throughout the work that exhibit the sharpness of his little talent.

The influential portion of his theories is contained in Volumes I and II, in which he propounds in detail the psychology of hedonism and the ethics of utilitarianism. I have mentioned that Paley learnt his philosophy of moral action principally from the *Light of Nature*; the view that all action is directed by the idea of personal satisfaction or pleasure, that all satisfaction is one and the same in kind, that moral notions are generated by 'translation' from selfish motives, that general good means an aggregate of happiness. These are the characteristics of later English utilitarianism, and there are passages in the earlier chapters that anticipate the doctrines of Bentham and J. S. Mill. The foundation of virtue, writes Tucker, 'must stand upon Prudence, which is the habit of weighing distant good and expedience in a fair balance with present pleasure'. And 'whether a man be pleased with hearing music, seeing prospects, tasting dainties, performing laudable actions, or making agreeable reflections, his complacency and condition of mind will be the same if equal in degree, though coming from different quarters'. (II, Cap. 28.)

Tucker is acutely conscious of defects in the plan of morality laid down in the earlier volumes. It is confined to the pleasures of this present life and fails to provide room for the sacrifice of all the benefits of earthly existence that is manifested in the conduct of heroes such as Regulus. 'We have found no reason to imagine that the wise man would ever die for his country or suffer martyrdom in

the cause of virtue.' (II, Cap. 36.) We are compelled to show that the minds of men have an interest in futurity and that the practice of virtues in cases where they tend to our damage in this present life may reap benefits in subsequent modes of existence. The enlargement of the foundations of virtue carries Tucker into far compasses of the universe, but these eccentric sallies into the geography of heaven show the persistence of Cartesian assumptions in company with the doctrines of Newton and Locke. The belief that reality is composed of simple substances or indivisible atoms is confidently applied to spiritual substances. The laws of nature can only form and dissolve compounds, they cannot increase or diminish the number of indivisible particles. These, once created, are indestructible. Spiritual and material substances are radically different. Material atoms possess the primary qualities of physics, purely spiritual atoms have perceptivity. The novel feature introduced by Tucker into this historic dualism is the view that the human and terrestrial mind is a compound of body and spiritual substance, and that after detachment from the body the pure spirit bears no habits or qualities that it has acquired in this life into the world beyond. And this conclusion leads to a surprising consequence. The purely spiritual parts of human minds are all equal in character; there is, in the region of spirits, no essential and intrinsic difference between one spirit and another. Tucker mitigates this equalitarian doctrine of spirits in certain passages, but he places much emphasis upon it; and he returns frequently to the opinion that 'there is no ground in natural reason to imagine, that if ever they get wholly disengaged from all corporeal mixtures, there shall be any difference of condition among them, either in respect of their endowments, or their enjoyments, or their offices'. (IV, Cap. 29.)

The established dogma of the almighty engineer is stretched to its limit; presently, as I shall notice, the great artificer is transformed into the managing director of a vast bank or universal Christmas club. The mechanical theology of Bentley and Clarke, of Derham and Pope, is extended to the most trivial phenomena of nature and to the furthest reaches of the celestial regions. For it is all the work of one hand and formed upon one embracing plan, 'the several parts being mutually adjusted, so as to compose altogether one entire whole; and the laws provided for each particular district, having a respect to the general utility'. (V, Cap. 1.) For the philosopher of this age knew not only God's manner of creation but also, in principle, why he created the universe and everything in it. He designed the universe, at large and in detail, according to the rule of utility. The purpose of the whole is general happiness. Two related modes of interpretation govern the outlook on existence. The notion of mechanism, embracing the ideas of adaptation of materials to ends, the adjustment

of parts to one another and movement in accordance with invariable laws, comprehends on the one hand the motions of the planets and all physical processes on the earth. On the other hand the mechanism of the living and mental section is driven by the pursuit of pleasure or satisfaction. The eighteenth-century theologian is so content with the plan of Nature and texture of second causes that had been revealed by the sciences of nature and man that he can cheerfully find place for every kind of physical and moral evil; for doubtless evils are appointed to increase the sum of happiness throughout the universe, although we are unable to see how they do so. Tucker's belief in the universal dominion of Providence is so unqualified that he is compelled virtually to deny human liberty, for Providence supplies the causes that produce our characters and the conditions of choice, and knows the issue of our actions. He attempts to circumvent the difficulty by arguing that a man is free when nothing hinders him from doing or choosing just as he pleases. Yet prior causes disposed by Providence incline him to act in one particular manner; and freedom is not saved by the assertion that liberty has no concern with antecedent causes but solely with the force or restraint there may be upon our actions. The rejection of freewill, save in a restricted scope, leads to the most enterprising feature of Tucker's speculations.

I have mentioned that the primary substances, of which all material bodies and all pure spirits are made, are homogeneous. The terrene differences between spirits arise from the material organizations with which they are united. Now since all souls are equal and since their efforts in this world do little or nothing to add to their moral merit, whatever benefit any creature ultimately receives at the hands of Providence must derive from the divine bounty. The Deity is just and equitable so that there will be an exactly equal distribution of the bounty to every perceptive creature. The period before that fulfilment in which the balance of good and evil between all creatures will be made even may be immense. Meanwhile, inequalities in the present world are compensated for in the further realm. But the chief consequence of this doctrine is the view that all spirits are partners in a common stock of happiness administered by Providence. The general connection of interests throughout the universe follows, for the common stock cannot be increased or diminished in any individual without proportionally affecting the share of every other. Any hurt done by one man to another damages his own interests, every kindness advances them. Such is the singular enlargement of virtue beyond the region of natural and terrestrial satisfaction. The rules and duties of life are still derived from expectation of benefit to oneself and from the sensibility of enjoyment reserved for the future; the fresh consideration is that there is a community of interest throughout creation in the general fund of happiness.

The view of the universe at which our whimsical author ultimately arrives is that of an innumerable host of partners dealing together in the traffic of happiness. Men need not undervalue their particular services because they yield but little profit, for the chain of causes and effects runs to such immeasurable lengths and divides into so many unperceivable threads that no man can be sure his manner of stirring the fire or buttoning his coat shall not be attended with consequences greater than he is aware of. The scheme is compared to a universal bank where every man is debited or credited for the least farthing he takes out or brings in. But the bank of Providence is a partnership, the profits whereof are to be made equal to each in some shape or other in some part of our period.

Why, it was asked at the end of Volume II, should the good man sacrifice himself for the sake of virtue? The answer is that such a man does right because he considers himself a citizen of the universe, perceiving that a strict attachment to faith and honour is the bulwark of order and happiness in this life and the next, and that he who works for others works ultimately for himself. This is the re-enlargement of virtue asserted in the last chapter of the fourth book.

The new considerations assuredly enlarge virtue, but they do nothing towards changing its utilitarian basis. Formerly we learnt to act rightly because it brought happiness to ourselves and others in this world. Now we are instructed to behave morally because it will bring happiness to ourselves and our friends in the next world. If we ought always to prefer the greater discoverable good and the good of the greater number of persons before the less, it is because we thereby increase the common fund of happiness that will be distributed to each by Providence. Such is the conclusion of Tucker's moral inquiries; and if we are inclined to designate it one of the most commercial systems of conduct ever constructed, we must recall the faith upon which it rests. That faith, for which he thinks he has given adequate reasons, is the belief in a God who has formed a plan of nature and texture of second causes spreading over all regions of the universe, the end of which is the equal happiness of all creatures.

But I cannot take leave of the *Light of Nature Pursued* without referring to the most entertaining part of the work. In several long chapters of the third volume Tucker intrepidly presses forward into hypotheses relating to the conditions of existence in the next world.

He propounds (III. Cap. 21) the notion that the spirit on quitting the body at death carries with her an integument or vehicle of extraordinary fineness and flexibility. He supposes that this ethereal body dwells within the gross material body during earthly life. Freed of the gross bodies the minute and tenuous creatures of the future state may be able to observe the motions and vibrations of particles, though they will have no concern with the sciences and arts of human beings.

Yielding himself to flights of charming speculation, Tucker pictures the nurture and education of the newly-arrived souls by the older inhabitants, and imagines them seeking out relatives and friends and even their descendants who were snatched away from the cradle. He touches on the communal life of the disembodied souls and gravely considers the question whether the country might not become overstocked from the numbers daily pouring in. He solves this problem of overpopulation in the next world by supposing that the pure soul is finally set free of its ethereal vehicle and flies off naked and alone. The idea carries him (III. Cap. 22) to reflect on the old doctrine of the mundane soul, the soul of the world. It is composed of an innumerable host of distinct spirits like the aqueous particles of the sea. These spiritual atoms are all identical, for it is corporeal organization that produces the individual differences of souls on earth. The particles convey perceptions to one another from the most distant regions of nature, and the action of the ether which, as Sir Isaac Newton has shown, causes the operations of gravitation and cohesion throughout the material universe, is produced by the power of spiritual substance. The entire unanimity of sentiment and perfect harmony of action of the world-soul account for the uniformity of the laws of nature. 'By his strength he rolls the huge planets along the boundless sky; by his agility he dashes the light on all sides with inconceivable velocity; by his energy he produces gravitation, cohesion, heat, explosion, fluidity, contraction and dilatation of the circulating vessels in plants and animals, and all other operations discernible throughout the visible world.' The mundane soul is a lesser deity, an instrument of the Almighty, performing the orderly work of the universe. In passages of high eloquence Tucker describes the heavenly existence of this community of happy spirits. He concludes his lively picture of the universal soul by declaring that he pretends to prove nothing by these hypotheses and if anything in his ideas appears contradictory to the judgments of sound reasons or hurtful to the mind or good manners he will be the foremost to reject it.

The preceding chapters have transported us to vastly speculative regions of the universe. But we must be prepared for even more extravagant voyages. In the long chapter entitled *The Vision* (III. Cap. 23) Tucker gives free rein to his fancy and launches with zest into a conducted tour of heaven. Guided by the jocular spirit of Locke, the wandering soul discourses agreeably with the phantoms of Plato, Pythagoras and Stahl, meets its wife and is beset by Caesar Borgia in the shape of a black bottled spider. Presently the vehicle of the soul bursts and is instantly absorbed into the mundane soul. The material universe becomes his body, the several systems his limbs, the fluids his circulating juices, the face of nature his sensory.

He discerns all there is to know, regulates all the motions of heaven and earth, and enjoys the perfect happiness of immortal goodness. The vast community which makes one soul acknowledges the prior Cause of all being. This sublime vision culminates in an experiment in the creation of a universe. The experiment fails, and the angel who accompanies the daring soul reads him the lesson that there are other attributes of Deity of which he cannot imagine even a glimpse. He is precipitated back to the intermediate region where Locke awaits him. Soon afterwards he is borne downwards to his terrestrial body, landing on the way in the centre of a candle flame left by the maid upon the stairs. After further gambols he passes into the ventricles of his body and the vision ends with an expression of thanks to his kind patron for leading him through a variety of entertaining as well as instructive scenes. The absurdity of many passages of this fantasy must not mislead us into supposing that it is all intended to be a jest. Tucker begs his compatriots at the conclusion of the vision not to behave like children when one sweetens a pill for them, who suck off the sugar and spit out the medicine. We are not expected to take the furniture of the next world too gravely, the vehicular bags and the ladders of light corpuscles; and much of the conversation is agreeable banter. But when the vision is read in association with the speculations of the foregoing chapter it is seen to portray in more imaginative tones the picture of the vehicular state which is there presented as a likely hypothesis. Few writers have ventured to describe the geography and social mechanics of heaven in so literal a manner.

Readers who delight to rummage among the curiosities of our literature will discover pleasing material in the *Light of Nature Pursued*. Tucker stands high among our cosmological fantasists. His ethical scheme, the universal joint-stock bank of happiness under the management of the Deity, is the product of an eccentric association of eighteenth-century principles, especially those of hedonism and universal design.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DISCOURSES OF NICCOLÓ MACHIAVELLI: Translated, with notes and an Introduction by LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J. 2 vols. *Routledge & Kegan Paul*, £5 5s.

This is an altogether admirable piece of work, learned, judicious and timely, and it is possible in this review only to recommend it and to say something of its scope. *The Prince* is the best-known work of Machiavelli, but it is a book so directed to a single narrow purpose that it gives an imperfect idea of the complexity and comprehensiveness of Machiavelli's thought. For this, a study of the *Discorsi* is essential, and it is not too much to say that Father Walker has made this study possible for the first time for English students.

First, the translation has been executed with great care; it is accurate and alive: the best we have. In particular, it is the translation of one who has pondered long on the whole of Machiavelli's meaning; the greatest care has been taken in the rendering of the key words of Machiavelli's thought. And in order to carry the reader with him at every difficult or doubtful point, the translator has frequently given the original word or phrase in a footnote. It is a thoroughly candid and intelligent piece of work.

Secondly, the Introduction. This is a substantial piece of work of more than a hundred and fifty pages. But more than this, it is so learned in history, so deeply pondered and alive with thought, so calmly reflective and so full of finely noted distinctions and accurate observations, that it must be counted one of the most enlightening pieces of writing on the subject in the English language. It contains a brief account of Machiavelli's life and activities, a discussion of the relation of the *Discorsi* to Machiavelli's other writings, and an examination of Machiavelli's method and general ideas. There is absent from it any tendency to jump to hasty conclusions or to accept ready-made opinions: it is sympathetic, critical and written so lucidly and with such charm that the business of reading it becomes a pleasure. Nobody who has studied Machiavelli will fail to learn something from Father Walker's exposition of Machiavelli's ideas of Necessity, Fortune and *virtù*, from his discussion of Machiavelli's alleged belief in the depravity of mankind or from the long and acute account he gives of Machiavelli's method of argument. There is, indeed, one point where Father Walker, usually so little given to wishful thinking, seems to have accepted Machiavelli's statement too much at its face-value: on pp. 79 and 117 he seems to miss the disingenuousness, or perhaps the irony, of Machiavelli's exclusion of the 'ecclesiastical principalities' from the normal rules of politics. And yet, even here, the important point is perceived — that these principalities enjoyed a political tradition which made them immune from some of the vicissitudes suffered by other states.

Father Walker's notes add enormously to the value of the translation. They are full without ever being irrelevant or garrulous; they tell the reader exactly what he needs to know, whether it is the elucidation of a piece of Roman or Italian history or of Machiavelli's argument. And the constant and apposite references, with ample quotation, to Guicciardini's *Considerazioni*, are most enlightening.

To complete the work we are given chronological tables of events in Roman and Italian history referred to by Machiavelli, four genealogical tables, a discussion of Machiavelli's sources, certain and conjectural, a list of Machiavelli's mistakes, and finally, perhaps the most useful of all the appendices, a comprehensive index of names and subjects.

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT

HUMPHREY HARE: *Swinburne, A Biographical Approach*. *Witherby*, 15s. net.

Swinburne's poetry has a disquieting effect on many readers today. His ear is magnificent, his rhythms compelling, and it is impossible not to be moved by the great waves of sound breaking in every stanza. Yet the images are so feebly realized (nothing is ever clearly seen), the few ideas there are so tenuously spun out and repeated from poem to poem, the poles of feeling so close together, that we end in disappointment. But we also end by asking why a man of so fine a sensibility and technical accomplishment, who was at the same time a good scholar and an occasionally brilliant literary critic, should have done so little. Mr Hare deserves our gratitude for having written the first study of Swinburne for many years, and for answering some of the questions raised. This is, however, rather a disappointing essay in that kind of biographical approach of which Mr Peter Quennell is almost the only living master; neither a thorough analysis of all the available sources nor a creative piece of literary criticism, it is forced to rely on the essayist's sympathy, insight, and style. And here Mr Hare is not wholly successful: he is, for example, rather too free in the use of polite clichés and digressions. ('Swinburne has never made any impact on the narrow culture of the Lilies. Gray is its laureate . . . How many boys at the end of their five years, receiving from the Headmaster the vellum bound leaving-book of *Poems by Gray*, even know that Swinburne was a member of the school?' etc.)

The main value of the book lies in its correction of a remark made by Mr Harold Nicolson. 'There will be those doubtless', wrote the latter, 'who . . . will trace depressing and essentially erroneous analogies to Dr Masoch and the Marquis de Sade.' Mr Hare makes it quite clear what Swinburne's obsessions and habits were, and confirms what one gathered from the poetry and from Mario Praz's comments in *The Romantic Agony*; but he does not give us much beyond a definition of Swinburne's morbidity and a few anecdotes. The poet hardly emerges at all as a person, and the relationships with the people who meant most to him — Hugo, Mazzini, Baudelaire, Jowett, Adah Menken and so on — are only lightly sketched. There is an amusing account of how Maupassant and Edmond de Goncourt established Swinburne in France as the physical stereotype of *le vice anglais*. Other anecdotes are quite entertaining, in that they are about the less familiar inhabitants of the Victorian literary underworld: Lord Houghton, Sir Richard Burton and the Cannibal Club in particular. Mr Hare is perfectly fair to Watts-Dunton.

As literary criticism he adds very little to *The Romantic Agony*. Swinburne's 'aloglagic synthesis' is defined and shown to be the main component of his poetic sensibility, as expressed in *Dolores* and many other poems. But the comment on these poems is rather superficial and there is little attempt to show how Swinburne is connected with the general development of romantic poetry. The few remarks which Mr Hough makes in the *The Last Romantics*, about the effect of Gautier on Swinburne, are much more revealing. Mr Hare is, however, very helpful in his long analysis of the ideas and structure of *Atalanta in Calydon*.

M. J. C. HODGART

T. C. LETHBRIDGE: *Herdsmen and Hermits: Celtic Seafarers in The Northern Seas*. (Foreword by T. D. KENDRICK.) Illustrated by the Author. *Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes*, 10s. 6d.

That archaeology, in Mr Lethbridge's words, 'is quite as exciting as climbing mountains' some of his readers will know already, and most others should be convinced by his Introduction to this book. Mr Kendrick, who knows him as well as anyone, says in the Foreword that he has 'a vigorously original mind', but this (as he goes on to show) is leaving a lot unsaid. There is nobody quite like Lethbridge in archaeology. It is partly because, as explorer, navigator and

one thing and another, he has brought himself so close to the lives and experiences of the ancient folk he writes of. But it comes also from his insisting, as (to his early admiration) did Ridgeway, that the courage to 'trail one's coat' — or as we less agreeably now say, 'stick out one's neck' — simply must be kept alive, if research is to be kept healthy. He thinks that today that courage is too rare, and so he claims licence for his own as useful. The trouble is, of course, that such licence has so often been abused: foolish people have simply flown away on it from the decent discipline of scholarship. You must, if you are going to trail your coat, know how to trail it properly. But Lethbridge, it seems to me, does know; and that most of all is why I enjoy reading him when he writes a book like this.

His theme concerns the peoples who settled, at various times in the 25 or 30 centuries before St Patrick and St Columba, in the west and north of the British Isles. The way of life that they gradually built up — essentially that of the Highland crofter still — always involved sea-fishing and seafaring; and if, as everyone admits, there was prehistoric navigation here from Spain, and from here across to Scandinavia, then these Celtic boatmen can also have made voyages northwards. To scoff at this is only to show ignorance of what can be done with small boats — which Lethbridge puts right by an admirable combination of learning and first-hand knowledge — and also of the fact, recorded by Pytheas, the Greek explorer from Marseilles, that when (about 320 B.C.) he reached the north end of Britain, he found people already familiar with a six-days' voyage northward again to 'Thule'. Was this not Iceland? The Early Christian and Viking evidence suggests strongly that it was, and that behind the ninth-century Norse settlement of Iceland lies a long history of Celtic sailings there, beginning in prehistoric times, and continuing with the Irish monks of whose quests for a 'Wilderness' to worship in there are good records. It will have been from the Scottish and Irish coasts, then, that the Norse first learned of Iceland; and when they settled it, they took thence with them many Celtic thralls. By now, Greenland has also entered the story; and the last chapters vividly recount the tale of the Norse settlers there, and the famous voyages to America, with the mysteries that still hang round both — the link with prehistoric times, of course, being the Celtic thralls and their crofting and boat-sailing ancestry in Ireland and Scotland.

The theme is richly barnaced with digressions. In them, and throughout the book, good ideas abound. (But most tiresomely, there is no Index.) Curdled seas in the Arctic, kippered corpses in the Bronze Age, toothless grandmothers, buried weapon-hoards, Broch men and Gallic-Wall men, the Hamarsfjord Roman coins, the Greenland mosquitoes, the prehistory of the Eskimo — here are the subjects of a few; there are many more, and some are illumined by sketches, or a provocative page of drawings. It is all cheerfully given you to take or leave. Lethbridge never forgets how often we know nothing. But he is out to make the most of it when he sees that we know something. And he has that simpleness of tongue, which makes all the difference to one's pleasure.


CHRISTOPHER HAWKES

G. B. SANSOM: *The Western World and Japan*. Cresset Press, 42s.


By the chances of war your reviewer found himself in 1942-43 charged with shaping psychological warfare directed against the Japanese. His knowledge of the Japanese being no way expert he had to rely in the early stages on the help of a translator of European-Japanese parentage, well educated in Japanese, and the advice of the specialists on Japan who were beginning to assemble in this South West Pacific theatre. The qualifications of the latter were of very varying order and they were divided into two schools of thought as to the nature of and proper approach to the Japanese. The first of these one might call the 'Tailless Monkey

School' and the other the 'Misguided Gentlemen School'. Without taking sides your reviewer decided that for the purposes of propaganda, appeals addressed to the Japanese in the light of the latter assumption were more likely to be accorded a sympathetic hearing. The Tailless Monkey School, largely in the majority, were not satisfied with this, and at one juncture brought matters to a head by condemning a leaflet dropped on the Japanese as (apart from being too polite) (a) so 'high-brow' that it would not be understood and (b) so illiterate that it would give rise to contemptuous laughter. At the kind of drum-head court martial of your reviewer which ensued the reason for this contradiction became apparent. The leaflet contained quotations from a Chinese classic on the art of warfare which though perfectly understandable to any educated Japanese (and incidentally to your reviewer) was utterly obscure to the ordinary partaker of a short language course in Japanese. In fact the contempt of the Tailless Monkey faction arose as much from ignorance as from too downright a judgment.

The two schools of thought above mentioned still prevail, and they represent the current split in Western opinion regarding the Japanese. Certainly those ex-prisoners-of-war and internees who suffered from the brutality, obtuseness, or tortuous-mindedness of their captors will be inclined to endorse the doctrine of the former, though many repatriates have made a distinction between the behaviour of individual Japanese. The truth seems to be that in wartime the more civilized elements of Japanese society were submerged by the militarists, and that the savage and primitive qualities of the race were too often to the fore. In any event the persons considered suitable in any country to act as gaolers are not, generally speaking, the fine flower of their race. But whether or not semi-savage characteristics are more in evidence among the Japanese than among other races is a matter on which your reviewer cannot express an opinion: all



The Early Life of Louis XIV



by

HENRY CARRÉ

translated by

DOROTHY BOLTON

19 illus. Sept. 15s.

HUTCHINSON

he need do here is to note the fact that Sir George Sansom obviously represents the Misguided Gentlemen School as far as the War of 1941-45 is concerned, though for most of the previous period he regards the Japanese people as not misguided at all. He treats them indeed, as reasoning human beings with a unique and definite, and in many ways refined and admirable, civilization of their own, reacting in a perfectly natural way to them to external and internal pressures. He makes this reaction seem understandable, if not always inevitable, and the errors made by the Japanese are usually due to imperfect knowledge or information.

The Western World and Japan, however, is not merely an account and examination of European-Japanese contacts and Japanese domestic history up to 1894 by the leading foreign authority on that country: the first part of the book is a reconsideration of the whole of Eastern and Western intercourse from ancient to modern times. This part of the book constitutes, in your reviewer's opinion, the best account of the expansion of Europe into Asia that has yet appeared. It corrects the established assumption regarding the revolutionary effect of the impact of the Portuguese, the British, the Dutch and the Americans on the societies of the East. Placing the matter in a more correct perspective, it revalues the accepted European authorities on expansion with penetrating judgment (for example, giving Whiteway the credit that should be his and revealing Prestage's partiality), it indicates the sources for the history in the light of a most extensive and searching knowledge, it administers to the Liberals of the New World who compound for the crimes of their own civilization by damning European 'colonialism', a rebuke which is all the more telling because of the temperate and philosophic language in which it is couched; and it is sprinkled with the wisest of aphorisms.¹ There is not one piece of unconsidered criticism or of parrot-repetition of conventional judgments, and the writing is consistently limpid and rhythmical. The result is not only a sequel to *Japan: A Short Cultural History* (the work which first established the author's reputation); it is a highly original and significant study of the whole mighty subject of the intercourse between East and West.

Sir George says, 'In a limited sense the Japanese came under Western influence, but . . . what was finally adopted was, if Western in shape, thoroughly Japanese in colour and substance', though he warns us that he is speaking about the effect to the end of the nineteenth century only, and, he adds, 'but the processes studied in the foregoing pages . . . throw but little light on the possibility of powerful political pressure and of highly organized propaganda' in effecting a revolutionary change. Applied to the Chinese of the present day, however, your reviewer feels that while the shape and the colour remain Chinese, the substance becomes more and more Western. By 'Western' he means the general character of the scientific, materialist civilization which is more and more disposing of the ossified survivals of a decayed culture and which represents the direction of Asian ambition as well as Western. What can we say of the stubborn resistance of Chinese social institutions when the Communists are able to impose on the people a new series of school-books in which the first lesson is — 'I do *not* love² my father: I do *not* love my mother; I love my *country*'. If such a campaign of open blasphemy can overthrow filial piety, the age-old foundation of the civilization, what then remains of the Chinese 'colour and substance'? But with Japan it seems to be different: her social institutions are more stubborn and resistant than those of her great neighbour.

¹ Here is a typical one—'Both simple and learned could recognize at once a man of high character and good breeding, for as a rule Asiatics show great discernment in their estimates of Europeans, their judgement being unclouded by irrelevant matters like social standing and conventions of behaviour', and again, 'the soundness of a doctrine is of less importance than the character of its exponent'.

² The Chinese word *ai* can also be translated 'want' or 'need'.

Sir George Sansom's work is a weighty contribution to a subject which is probably the most important and urgent of the modern age — namely the understanding between East and West. In Europe and America the study of such matters is left to a handful of specialists subsisting uncomfortably on the fringe of scholarship or politics, and their conclusions drip upon, if they scarcely percolate into, the general curriculum. Meanwhile Western scholarship devotes itself preponderantly to churning round the sediment of its own civilization, comparing and contrasting, adding and subtracting pieces of what is essentially one, clinging to and glorifying a single and really quite local tradition as if were global and absolute, and generally indulging in a cultural endogamy which often amounts to incest. So imbued are many Westerners (especially those of the New World) with the notion that there is but one method of approaching, say, a political question which admits of no alternatives, that when confronted by Asians whose mental habits differ from their own they are scandalized and confused. This happens again and again at international conferences where delegates come unprepared by preliminary study of the basic assumptions of the Asian countries with whose habits of mind they will have to reckon.

VICTOR PURCELL

T. M. PARKER: *The English Reformation to 1558. Cumberlege. Oxford University Press, 5s.*

This little book fulfils its chosen task with skill and lucidity; in less than 200 pages we are given an adequate summary of one of the most critical periods of English history. Undergraduates will welcome so readable and informed an account, and their supervisors will be even more pleased with a book which can

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be recommended so readily for reading. Not that Mr Parker exhausts the subject. Lack of space may have been responsible for some rather serious shortcomings and omissions: there is a tendency to ignore the theological factors under Henry VIII — and if the Church will not investigate the claims of the 1530's to be a period of religious reformation, who will? Mr Parker also seems to misinterpret the theory of the royal supremacy by failing to mark the change from parliament as an assistant and provider of legal penalties to parliament as an equal partner whose consent is indispensable, a change due to the protector Somerset. At times we look in vain for the interpretation which so great an assembly of facts requires, and there is some oversimplification. None of this detracts from the merits of the book. We have had plenty of histories of this period — short, readable, workmanlike; but Mr Parker is simpler than Powicke and better than Maynard-Smith, and his book should easily be able to hold its own as the best short introduction to the subject.

G. R. ELTON

BOOKS RECEIVED

The inclusion of any book in this list does not preclude its review in a later issue

THEODORE BESTERMAN: *Unesco, Peace in the Minds of Men*. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net
BRADFORD ALLEN BOOTH (Ed.): *The Letters of Anthony Trollope*. Oxford University Press, 30s. net.

NELSON BROWNE: *Sheridan Le Fanu*. Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d. net.

C. P. CAVAFY: *Poems*. Translated by John Mavrogordato. Hogarth, 12s. 6d. net.

PETER DURRENMATT: *Zerfall und Wiederaufbau der Politik*. A. Francke, 6 fr. 80.

G. I. DUTHIE: *Shakespeare*. Hutchinson's University Library, 7s. 6d. net.

EDWARD MEADE EARLE (Ed.): *Modern France. Problems of the Third and Fourth Republics*. Princeton University Press, 40s. net.

E. A. R. ENNION: *Cambridgeshire*. Robert Hale, 15s. net.

RAYMOND FIRTH: *Elements of Social Organization*. Watts, 18s. net.

HENRI FRANKFORT: *The Birth of Civilization in the Near East*. Williams & Norgate, 16s. net.

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Communications regarding advertising in THE CAMBRIDGE JOURNAL should be addressed to Richmond Towers Limited, Advertisement Agents, 1 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1 (Telephone Museum 1794-5).